

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 658

Week Ending
OCTOBER 31, 1931

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

THE SHIP THEY COULD NOT SINK

See
Page
Seven

TWO ROBINSON CRUSOES

DRAMA OF ISLANDS 3000
MILES APART

Lonely Men Who Have Come
Into the World's News

ONE TO BE RESCUED, THE OTHER LEFT

It appears that there are at least two Robinson Crusoes in the world at the moment, one living on his island from necessity, the other from choice.

Urajo Warashina is the name of the one who would be only too thankful to give up his lonely life. He has had nine years of it and will be overjoyed when his rescuers arrive to take him back to civilisation. This is his story.

He was one of the crew of the Japanese ship Matsu which, in August 1922, was threading its way through the islands of the Pacific. Somewhere near the Ladrone group Warashina was reported missing. He had fallen overboard and was given up as lost.

Alone For Nine Years

A few months ago some Japanese fishermen were caught in one of those fearful storms that sweep the South Seas. In the distance was a little island, and to this they steered for shelter. They took it for granted it was uninhabited, and great was their amazement when they saw a man on the shore.

The man was almost incoherent with joy, but managed to tell them that he was Warashina. He had been cast up on this island and had lived through nine years of watching and waiting for a rescuer. The story ended, the storm abated, he prepared to follow them to the boat, and then came the bitterest blow that had ever befallen this poor sailor. The captain refused to take him off. They were short of food and water, he said, and could not add to their number. All he could do was to promise Warashina that he would send rescuers.

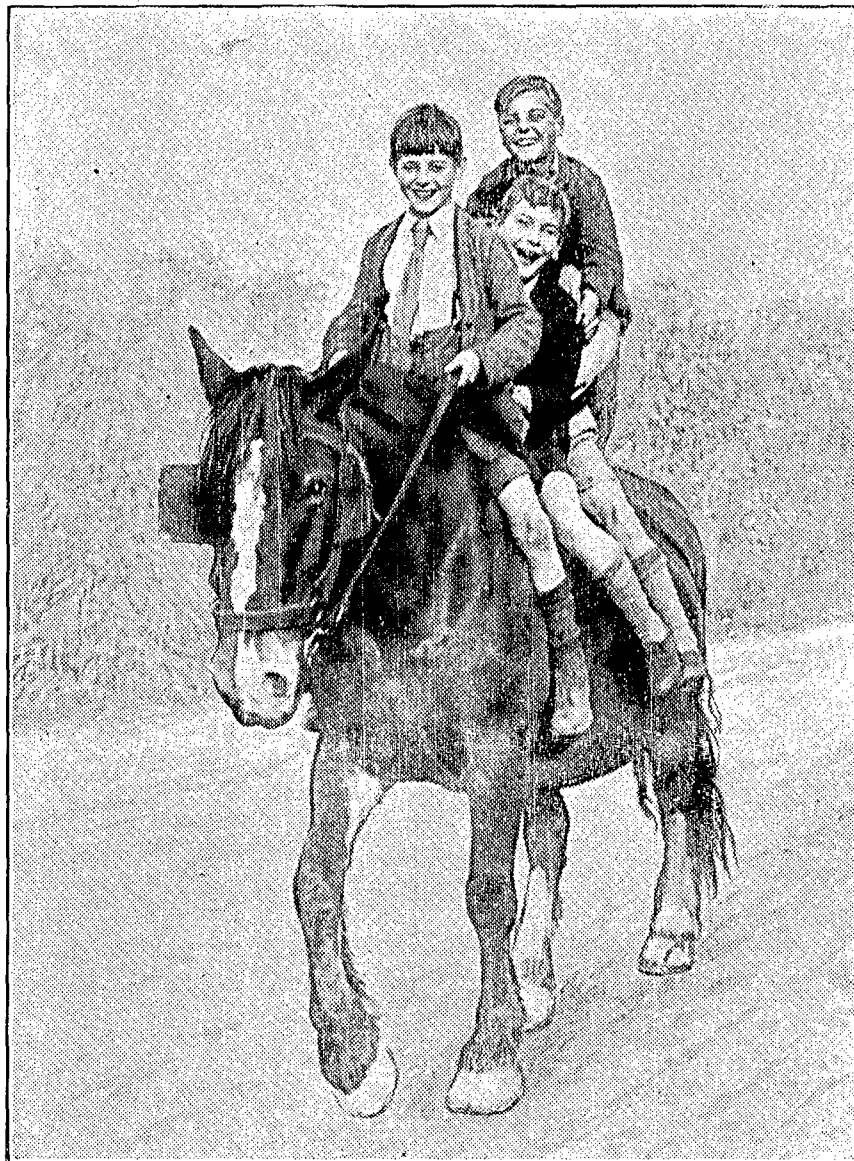
Sworn to Silence

The look on the poor fellow's face as they sailed off must have haunted this captain, and it made him afraid. He knew it was a cruel thing that he had done, and when the boat reached the Bonin Islands a fortnight later he swore the men to silence, preferring to leave Warashina gazing out to sea for ever than to lay himself open to the adverse criticism of the world.

Luckily for Warashina one of the fishermen could not bear to keep silence, and told a naval officer of the sailor's plight, so that, as these words are written, the Japanese Navy is preparing to send a ship to the rescue.

The story of the other Crusoe appeared a few weeks ago in a well-known Italian paper. It seems incredible, but after hearing of Warashina we feel there may still be more islands on which a solitary

Homeward Bound



Although it had had a long day in the fields this horse was only too glad to carry its young friends, for it knew that their way home was its own way to its evening meal and a place of well-earned rest.

inhabitant is spending his days without even a Man Friday for company. In any case this remarkable story is told in a reputable journal.

According to the Italian paper this voluntary Crusoe was discovered by an airman 3000 miles south of Warashina's island, on one of the coral islets of the Great Barrier Reef.

The airman is employed on commercial flights between Malacca and the eastern ports of Australia.

One day a storm forced him to make a landing on the nearest coral islet, and there, on the sandy beach, while repairing his machine, he was suddenly confronted by a fierce and terrifying figure, a white man, burned brown by the sun, with a long unkempt beard and flowing hair. In his hands the stranger held a rifle with which he threatened the visitor.

But he calmed down; and then a remarkable tale was told.

This Robinson Crusoe was (he said) an officer in the German Navy when he was crushed by a domestic tragedy. He gave up

his commission, and on this lonely islet took refuge from a world grown bitter.

That was in 1911. The few necessities he took with him, including a rifle and ammunition, provided him with food. His house was a warm, dry, comfortable cave.

The Swiss Family Robinson would certainly not have turned up their noses at such a residence.

Here the hermit had passed 20 years, cut off from the world. The Great War had passed him by; he was happy and contented, and he shared his simple life with the airman in a gracious and friendly manner.

But then he suddenly dismissed him. "You must go now," he said, "if this flying-machine is ready to take the air once more. Leave me here in my solitude, for I do not desire the company of my fellow-men."

Soon, we hope, he will be the only Crusoe left, for Warashina, for one, will be hurrying back to the joys and tribulations of a civilised life and his little home in Japan.

A KING AND MAID MUDURA

THE CUP OF COLD WATER

Story of a Village Wedding
in Rumania

ONE MORE LEGEND BEGINS

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Romance still walks the Earth, touching events with her gilding finger.

When, a little over a year ago, the King of Rumania returned by aeroplane from exile to seize the Throne he had renounced, he was compelled to make a forced landing in the neighbourhood of a little Transylvanian village. While waiting for his plane he begged a village girl to give him a drink out of her earthenware pitcher. That half-hour of waiting was rather an anxious time for him, for he could not be quite sure how his venture would succeed, so he did not forget the episode as quickly as he might otherwise have done, and on June 6 of this year, the first anniversary of his return, he sent a telegram to the girl, Maria Mudura, to thank her once more for that welcome drink of water.

In Great Trouble

The telegram found Maria Mudura in great trouble, for she wanted to be married and could not be. This was not because she could not find a husband; far from it. Being a beautiful girl she had no lack of suitors, and the one her heart had chosen was as eager to wed her as the rest. The trouble was that he was a constable, and that in Rumania constables are forbidden by law to marry unless they have a certain income.

The lovers were sadly resigning themselves to years and years of waiting when the King's telegram came to remind Maria that the gratitude of kings can sometimes be put to good uses. So Maria Mudura wrote a letter to King Charles telling him of her trouble and asking him to order that the regulation should be suspended for their benefit. In a very short time the answer arrived. Her wish was granted; by royal permission Constable Ioan Amarghiol was allowed to marry without fulfilling the usual conditions.

In Olden Days and Now

In olden days the King would probably have fulfilled the conditions himself, by means of a bag of gold sent by a special messenger; but kings are as poor as commoners now, and cannot throw largesse about as we are told they used to do.

No matter. Maria Mudura's grandchildren will have none the less pretty a legend to tell when they show their grandchildren the pitcher from which a king had satisfied his thirst.

"And so, my dears," they will say, "you must see for yourself that if it hadn't been for that pitcher you and I would never have been born."

SPAIN BREAKS A LINK

A LANDMARK FOR HISTORIANS

End of the State Church in
the New Republic

GREAT SPEECH WHICH MOVED A PARLIAMENT

Church has been separated from State in Spain.

From October 14 onwards Spain declared herself, through her Parliament, without a State religion, that is to say, without a Church supported by the State or allied with it.

The consequences of this constitutional resolve are many, though the destruction of religion or piety is not one of them, nor is it intended to be. True religion can have no dependence on the State, which has to do only with its ceremonial and forms. But the act of dissolution in a country with Spain's history is of dramatic significance.

Slave of the Church

For centuries the Church was Spain. Even a great monarch like the Emperor Charles the Fifth could not ignore it. His son Philip, who prepared the Armada, was its slave.

It was the country of Torquemada, the Grand Inquisitor who lit the fires of Seville to burn the heretics of the Cathedral of Santiago, where the shrine of St James of Compostella drew pilgrims from all over Europe for hundreds of years.

The poor might grow poorer in Spain but the Church grew richer. From henceforth it can hold no property there except its buildings and the domains for their upkeep. The secular power of the Church has gone for ever.

Señor Alcalá Zamora, the Prime Minister, and Señor Maura, the Minister for the Interior, resigned after voting with the minority, and next day Señor Azana had formed a new Government.

The Cortes Wavering

The speech by which Señor Azana won the day will rank as one of the historic speeches of Spain. For four days he had sat silently while member after member made fiery speeches and the clerical representatives did all they could to delay a decision. The Cortes (the Parliament) was wavering and reluctant to end the old order of things, for, with all its failings, the Church in Spain has been a great civilising influence in the past. Señor Azana rose and rallied the wavering Republicans.

Spain, he declared, had created her own Church in the sixteenth century, but today the situation was reversed, and, though there were millions of Roman Catholics in Spain, the tendency of culture was no longer religious. The State must peacefully readjust matters in accordance with the new conditions.

The State Must Prevail

At the moment (he continued) the State's interest conflicted with the liberty of Christian conscience, and the sovereignty and security of the State must prevail. The Jesuits must go, and any of the other Orders who were a danger to the State. The humble communities of nuns could not be counted a danger. All religious communities, however, must be deprived of the right to teach.

The result of the decision which followed this speech is that all religious sects become associations under a special law; no governing body may support any church or religious institution; any Order involving a special vow to any authority but the State is to be dissolved and its property nationalised for charitable and educational purposes; and all religious Orders are prohibited from engaging in industry or teaching.

GOODWILL AMONG THE PEOPLES

A Frenchman Does a Friendly Thing

THE HOTEL KEEPER AND THE SCHOOLMASTER

It is always good to hear the other side. Lately English people have been feeling greatly wounded by things that have appeared in French papers. It seemed as if France took a purely selfish view of our troubles. But such things do not give us a true view of France, which is much more friendly than the politicians would have us believe.

A London schoolmaster was planning to take his whole school to Paris next Easter. They would practically fill a hotel, and if you are going to book a whole hotel you must do so early. He wrote to the hotel keeper, arranged terms, and paid a guarantee of 500 francs. It was expected that the guarantee would be forfeited if the school did not come.

The Fall of the Pound

Then came the crisis and the fall of the pound. As the rate of exchange turned against us fares abroad went up enormously. The school could no longer afford to go to Paris, and the headmaster wrote to say so.

Back came his 500 francs, with nothing deducted for the fall in the rate of exchange, but with it a cordial letter from the hotel keeper saying that he hoped England's troubles would soon pass away.

That man has done something to undo the harm wrought by many French and English journalists, and he has done a wise thing for France. He has shown that her heart is in the right place. He has made us feel that when times are better we shall be glad to take our holidays and spend our money in France again, for we have had happy holidays there in better days.

PROTECTION WANTED

Why Not Banish Vulgar English?

PUNCH AND SEZ MEE

Mr Baldwin was able to crack a joke about that sacred word Protection.

If he had a principal reason for being a Protectionist, he said, it was that the Old Country might be protected from the American language.

He meant the kind of language that comes over with the films, the Yeah's and Nopes, the Sure Things, the Tell the World's, the Some Baby talk, and all the rest of the vulgarities.

Was not our good friend Punch suggesting only the other day that, owing to the influence of the films, Arthur Mee's Monthly should be renamed from My Magazine to Sez Mee?

While this dreadful American slang springs up among us like toadstools our own flowers of English rural speech are being cropped.

There was a time, not so long ago, when the Yorkshireman spoke Yorkshire and was proud of it. No one could mistake him for a Lancashire man, and the man of Lancashire was glad of it. Somerset spoke Zummerzet and Cornwall had a soft speech like that of no other county. The Derby man clipped his consonants, the Notts man lengthened his vowels, the East Anglian raised his voice at the end of a phrase.

All are going now, swamped in the genteel uniformity of the speech prescribed by the B.B.C. It is a pity, for this speech of the counties was a mark of the mixed peoples of the English past. But to have it replaced by the twang and slang of American is more than can be borne; it is what Shakespeare called the most unkindest cut of all.

THE HAPPY SWALLOWS

Over the Golden Horn to the Sun

HELPING THEM ON THEIR WAY

No news is good news. Swallow news is becoming scarcer, and we like to think of the thousands of small survivors of that grim fight with the elements now revelling, thanks to human kindness, in the sunshine of the South.

Although the swallows of Russia and Poland started later than the earlier birds they had no better luck with the weather, for it was as cold as midwinter in Austria.

The Vienna Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals worked as hard to save them as they had worked for the first arrivals. They rescued thousands of these half-frozen swallows and sent them by aeroplane to Constantinople. Only a few died on the way.

On Borrowed Wings

In Turkey these birds found more human friends, for swallows are held sacred by Moslems. They were set free in sunny Constantinople, and flew joyfully away into the warm blue sky above the Golden Horn.

On borrowed wings thousands more stranded swallows flew from Budapest to Constantinople. At the rate of twenty thousand a day they were sent to Turkey by rail as well as air.

When thousands of distressed swallows arrived in the valley of the Vag the director of a thermal establishment at Pistyan had a bright idea. He had the huge ventilators opened, and the more-dead-than-alive birds thankfully flocked into the building. In the reviving atmosphere of the hot springs they were as tame as robins, and were soon off for the South again.

In some mysterious way the news of this refuge with warmth and food must have spread among these intelligent swallows, for as soon as one batch of birds had recovered enough to leave the building a new batch took its place.

AUNT MANCHESTER

A Little Help is Worth Much Pity

AUNT BRISTOL JOINING UP

Overworked and understaffed homes have become all too common during these lean years.

So often we see in our crowded streets the white-faced housewife who looks almost too tired to do her shopping.

The Voluntary Unofficial Aunts is a Manchester organisation of women who are not too much taken up with their own concerns to be indifferent to the all-the-year-round struggle of their less fortunate neighbours.

They give them practical help by taking their children to the doctor or dentist or to the hospital. They also go round to their homes to sit with invalids while those who are nursing them as well as running the household have the chance of an hour's rest.

These little bits of help make all the difference, and often a feeling of despondency is changed into hope.

There are now over a hundred aunts who are regularly helping 150 people. It is good news that the idea has caught on in Bristol, and already a branch of kind aunts has been formed there to cheer up and give help to overworked neighbours until the better times come.

AFTER 27 YEARS

A Welsh musician, Madame Clara Novello Davies, lost a presentation gold baton 27 years ago. Her name was engraved upon it, so when it was found the other day Scotland Yard were able to return it to her—little consolation, alas, for the loss by death of her husband, Mr David Davies.

TWO'S COMPANY

BATTERSEA'S BLACK SWANS

Remarkable Story of Bird Life
in a London Park

ONE GOES, ANOTHER COMES

Two black swans are again swimming in satisfied companionship on Battersea Park lake.

The story of the Battersea black swans is one of the oddities of the bird population which comes and goes in London. The older of the swans once had a mate, and the two, pridefully keeping apart from the commoner white swans, were held in high esteem by the keepers.

When it became known that one of the pair had laid an egg on the island the news was received with the highest satisfaction. It was said that the youngster would be the first black swan to be hatched in England.

Frightened Away

Alas for these expectations, some worthless young Battersea rascals made their way on to the island, a step which is forbidden, and threw a brick at the poor female swan sitting on the nest. She was frightened away and never returned to the nest.

Worse than that, she fell ill for some reason, and, though one hardly likes to suggest that she pined away, she died in the following season. Her mate was inconsolable.

Time probably softened the remaining black swan's grief, for all this happened some years ago, and he became a lonely bird. For a time he consorted occasionally with the white swans, but he kept himself more and more to himself, and finally, when he took to the smaller of the two lakes, sometimes called the Ladies Pond, he would not allow the other swans to come near it.

The black swan is a powerful bird. As an embittered one the white swans were no match for him. All last winter he swam about in the pond alone, allowing himself almost to be frozen in once or twice. He is not so silent as most swans, and to the stranger who threw bread to him he responded with an odd Australian coo-coo.

The Newcomer

But till the other day he remained a morose, quarrelsome bird, and there were rumours, not substantiated, that he was to be given away.

Then the miracle happened. Another black swan flew into the lake from somewhere, and sought out the hermit.

The newcomer actually did fly, for the first news the park-keeper had of his coming was that somebody had seen the black swan flying. The park-keeper's old charge could not fly, as well he knew.

He went to investigate the mystery, and there were two black swans instead of one.

There they are still. Where the newcomer came from nobody knows. But everybody hopes he will like his new home and his company and will stay.

THINGS SAID

Spain has ceased to be Roman Catholic. Spain's new Prime Minister

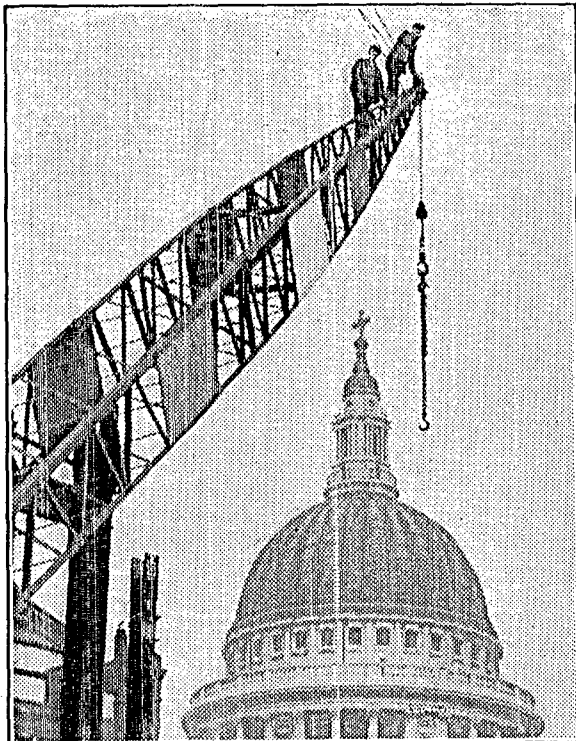
That welcome King of Dumpers; Father Christmas. The Times

I have never been more attracted than by the young people round our churches today. Rev W. Charter Piggott

What we spend on the League is like 2s 6d a year from a man with £800 a year. Sir Norman Angell

Invisible clouds of gas have been invented which will penetrate any gas mask. Mr Wickham Steed

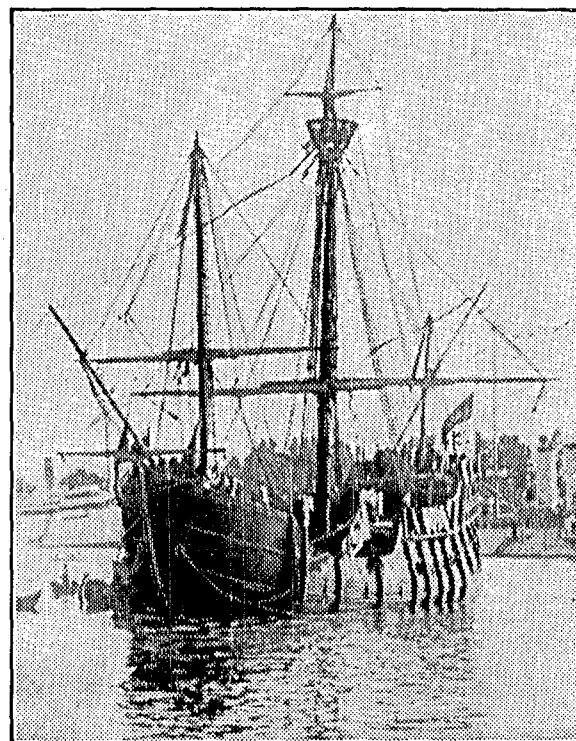
GIANT CABBAGE · VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS AGAIN · SWAN PROCESSION



A Thrilling Sight—Few people would care to undertake such a dizzy task as this. The men are oiling a big crane on the new G.P.O. building in Queen Victoria Street, near St Paul's.



A Giant Cabbage—What would a housewife say if she ordered a cabbage and received one as big as this? It weighed 56 pounds, and was seen at an agricultural show in Somerset.



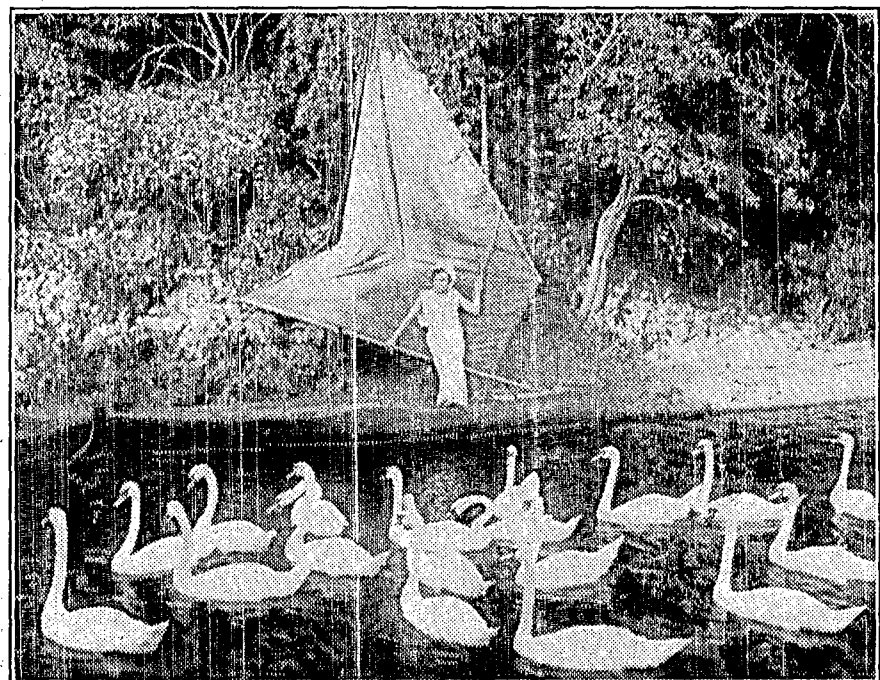
The Santa Maria—This vessel is an exact reproduction of the ship in which Columbus discovered the New World. It is to sail across the Atlantic in December. See page 8



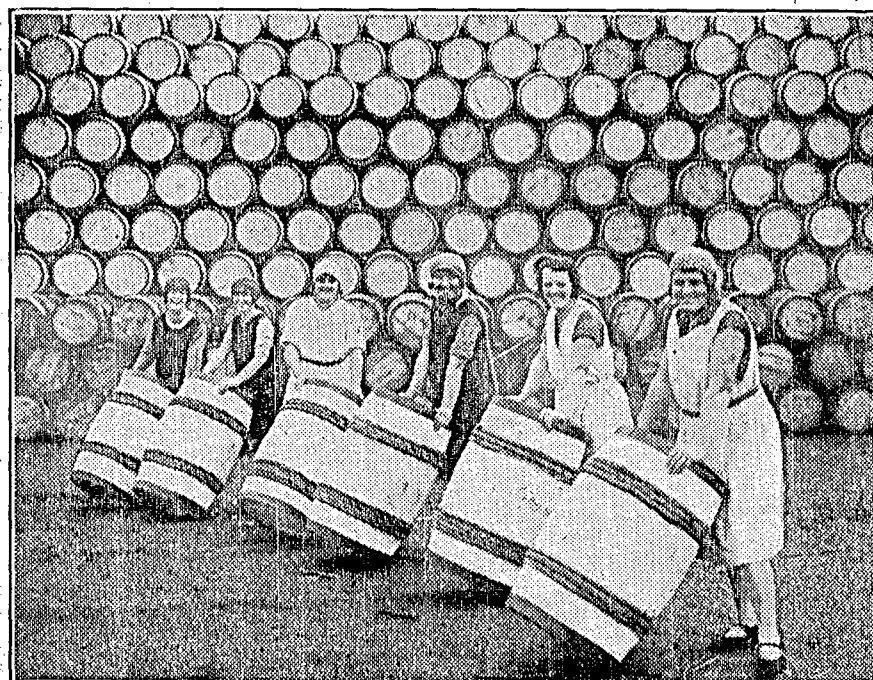
The Donkey Riders—After taking part in an exciting game of hockey on the sands at Weston-super-Mare these girls are enjoying a gallop on the donkeys



College's 100 Years—King's College, London, has been celebrating its centenary. Here we see girl students leaving St Clement Danes in the Strand after a thanksgiving service.



Make Way for the Swans—A girl in one of the sailing boats now permitted in Regent's Park holds her craft to the bank while a stately procession of swans passes by.



The Herring Barrels—There has been a splendid herring harvest on the East Coast this year. Some of the Scottish fisher lassies at Yarmouth are here seen handling the herring barrels.

WAR ON THE LOCUST

FRANCE, ITALY, AND
BRITAIN UNITE

Natives Join Together Against
the Common Foe

PEST OVER 15 MILLION
SQUARE MILES

Firmly united to face a common enemy, France, Italy, and Greater Britain are preparing to deal with the devastating locust.

No enemy is more subtle. The locust springs armed to the teeth from the desert where, till ready to begin its raid, it had been concealed. It rises from the ground like the dragon's teeth in the fable, and, like winged dragons, its hordes, millions strong, sweep over Africa and Asia, destroying everywhere they go.

From Uganda to the Caucasus

Its virulence is rendered greater and doubly hard to deal with from the double life it leads. For a season the locust may remain tethered to the land where it was born and bred almost as harmless as a grasshopper. Then in the succeeding season its progeny take wings to themselves and soar into the air in hundreds of millions seeking whatever they may devour.

They destroy the crops of the Rhodesian farmer, they eat up the produce of Algeria or Tripoli. They invade Palestine from the Desert of Sinai. Their raids are a terror from Uganda to the Caucasus.

When they are on the wing nothing will stop them.

They have been attacked by the desert police and the Egyptian soldiery, but though millions are destroyed and swept up and burned, the hordes seem undiminished by any such trifling losses. Not till starvation or some contrary stroke of Nature's forces overtakes them do their invasions falter and for a time cease.

The Breeding-Places

The British expeditions sent out to search for their breeding-places have found out a great deal, including many of the areas where they breed and the paths that they follow through the air. The aeroplanes in Africa may reach more, because they sometimes encounter the great swarms on their own journeys.

The mail plane to Kenya on one of its first journeys travelled for miles through a swarm, and saw it disappear in the direction of Lake Albert, which the natives declare to be the locust's grave.

The other important fact about the locust—that, when the harmless type of locust which merely hops about its own neighbourhood reaches such a density in numbers that food on the spot is insufficient, it takes wing to seek for more—was discovered by Mr Uvarov in the Caucasus.

What Has to Be Discovered

What now remains to discover is exactly where the dangerous breeding-grounds lie in the desert and what conditions of moisture and verdure make them habitable or uninhabitable for the locust. It is possible that they remain quiescent till they want food. Or there may be other things which stir them to migration.

Most of the breeding-grounds are in the desert. Many are suspected in the French Sahara. But locusts are no respecters of international boundaries. Born in French territory, they devastate the land of any of her neighbours.

It is for this reason that the nations which have the biggest share of agricultural Africa have united to deal with the terror that flies by day and night to levy tribute over an area estimated at 15 million square miles.

The conference at Rome marks the beginning of international cooperation.

A Master Brain of the Modern World

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF A POOR BOY

Thomas Alva Edison and the Marvellous
Inventions That Have Changed Our Lives

THE INCANDESCENT LAMP THE GREAT WIZARD DID NOT INVENT

THOMAS ALVA EDISON, whose passing from this world deprives it of one of its most striking human originals, was born, of mixed Scottish and Dutch blood, at Milan, Ohio, on February 11, 1847, when children of poor people did not find education so easy as now.

At twelve the boy was earning his living in a curious way. He was news-boy in a railway train. That is to say, he collected news from passengers and from the big stations at which the train stopped, set up the news in type, and sold the first newspaper ever printed in a train. Passengers and people waiting at wayside stations, eager for news of the American Civil War, which was then in progress, were his customers.

His profits he devoted to electric appliances until an accident with his little plant set fire to the luggage van in which he worked—and that was the last of little Thomas as proprietor and editor of a railway newspaper. But he fell on his feet, as we say; he always did.

The Young Hero

He turned up at a station one day in time to rescue the stationmaster's little boy from death by a passing train, and the grateful father, by way of return, taught the young hero all that he himself knew about the electric telegraph.

Thomas became a telegraphist, fitting up his own plant, running a wire along fences to the adjoining town, and sending messages, for each of which he charged a shilling, a sum that then seemed wealth to him.

In order that he might not be called to the telegraph every time a message came through when he wished to be otherwise engaged he invented a mechanism which automatically transmitted electric signals; and, being short of wire and funds, he experimented till he found that by using currents of different strength he could send two messages over one line at the same time. This led later to his system first of four messages and then of six messages at a time, all over the same wire.

New Power in the Business World

A railway telegraphist's occupation was not long to detain him. He was as restless as he was ingenious, and wandered from place to place, filling one position after another, till he reached New York, at the age of 22, with a valuable invention, a telegraph for printing Stock Exchange quotations and other matter. For this he received £3000 and was able to rent premises and employ people to manufacture appliances the principles of which seemed to flash from his untiring, original brain.

His new responsibility steadied him, and for the first time he was anchored to one place and so was able to give detailed attention to the thousand and one schemes by which he was slowly but surely changing the character of business conduct throughout the world. While nothing was too small, nothing was too great for him to attempt. He could not only originate; he could see the weakness of other men's inventions and better them.

Thus, although the Scotsman Alexander Bell was before him with the telephone, Edison produced a better transmitter than the inventor had given us. The two men combined forces so that Bell's transmitter became the receiver, while Edison's instrument was incorporated as the part which carries forth the voice.

A sum of £20,000 was offered Edison for this, but he refused it, saying that if that were paid him at once he would be unable to resist the temptation to waste it on prodigal experiments. "Pay me £1200 a year for 17 years," he said;

and they did, and so assured him an income while he worked at problems still more difficult and fruitful of result.

He devised a microphone which would register the sound of a fly's footfall; but we must not forget that our own Hughes was the real father of the microphone, and so, in a way, of wireless telegraphy also. Then Edison made an instrument which would record the heat of an object so distant as a star in the heavens, but there again we must remember other pioneers to whom credit is due.

Nobody, however, can challenge his claim to have been the originator of the talking machine. What we now call the gramophone was in Edison's first form the phonograph, in which sound was registered on tinfoil wound first on a revolving cylinder and then on a wax cylinder.

That was the parent form of all the talking machines in the world.

Edison and Swan

Next came his moving pictures—the kinetoscope, as it was called. Great names preceded Edison's in this field also, but he got his invention on to the market. Moreover, years before the "talkies" had been dreamed of by anyone else, he combined gramophone speech and music with cinema pictures, but left the idea imperfect with the prophecy that it would some day become a scientific and commercial success, as it has since proved.

Splendid work was done by Edison after a world-wide search for suitable material for an incandescent electric lamp. Not long ago America solemnly celebrated the jubilee of the invention of this means of lighting, and gave Edison all the credit for it, but, as the C.N. was alone in pointing out at the time, the crediting of the invention to Edison was unjustified; one of our own great men of science, Sir Joseph Swan, was the great pioneer of the incandescent lamp. The two men worked independently, and each arrived at satisfactory results, but Swan's was the first electric incandescent lamp.

It is a very great pity that one of our popular newspapers the other day allowed an American writer to repeat this false claim on Edison's behalf. Edison had inventions enough to his credit to secure him immortal fame, but the less scrupulous of his countrymen had a habit of attributing to him ideas which had reached perfection in the brains of other inventors. Edison himself was far too conscientious and honourable to make or countenance such claims.

Great Thinker and Great Worker

He seemed able, in fact, to invent to order. When a way was needed for using iron ore which was too poor to pay for treatment by ordinary processes he produced machinery in which the crushed mixture passed by moving bands in front of magnets which drew the iron into one channel and let the useless rock fall down another.

Next he perfected a scheme for building houses with great rapidity from concrete which was poured liquid into metal moulds, so that, as the material dried, the moulds could be withdrawn, leaving the walls of a house entire while the moulds were taken on for the production of similar houses.

In time of war, when America joined the Allies he was just as successful with inventions which nobody else had thought of. He was a great thinker and a great worker, and would continue days and nights at his task.

His work made him deaf, but he was happy, merry, simple-hearted, generous and lovable, and we shall not soon see his like again.

TRYING IT ON

112 CHILDREN

A VERY GOOD IDEA

Leicestershire Plan For Good
Milk at School

EDUCATION COMMITTEES
PLEASE NOTE

Two years ago the supply of fresh milk to the children attending a council school near Leicester was successfully organised.

With the assistance of the headmaster and the school managers a local dealer agreed to supply first-class milk in bottles, each containing a third of a pint, for a penny a bottle; he also agreed to give a small discount on the receipts for the benefit of the school sports fund. With the aid of the National Milk Publicity Council leaflets were printed and distributed to the children. So many parents approved of the idea that 112 children (about two-thirds of those attending) began to enjoy their daily pennyworth of milk.

Ensuring Purity of Supply

This pleasing success becoming known in neighbouring villages, a similar organisation was started at other schools. Thereupon definite regulations were drawn up by the local School Medical Inspection Committee and the Agricultural Education Joint Committee. These regulations were made to ensure purity of supply and inspection of the source of supply. The bottles used are fastened with a disc, and straws are issued with them. The children are encouraged to insert a straw through the disc in the top of the bottle, and thus to drink the milk slowly and cleanly. The milk is given to the children just before the morning interval.

In summer the milk is often drunk in the playground, but generally the child remains at its desk, and having finished the milk puts the empty bottle in a proper crate when leaving the room. The children bring the milk money in advance on Mondays, and this is said to have an excellent effect on attendance.

Few Broken Bottles

The headmaster pays the milk dealer at regular intervals, deducting an agreed discount for sports. The number of broken bottles is said to be surprisingly small. Some fifty Leicestershire schools now supply milk in this way, and we print this news in the hope that it will meet the eye of teachers, parents, dealers, agricultural authorities, and school managers in other parts of the country.

There is no doubt whatever that if such a supply were adopted in every school we should add considerably to the health, height, and weight of the nation's children.

The organiser who has made such a success of the scheme is Mr F. V. Millington, of the Agricultural Department of the Leicester County Council.

A GROWING MARKET

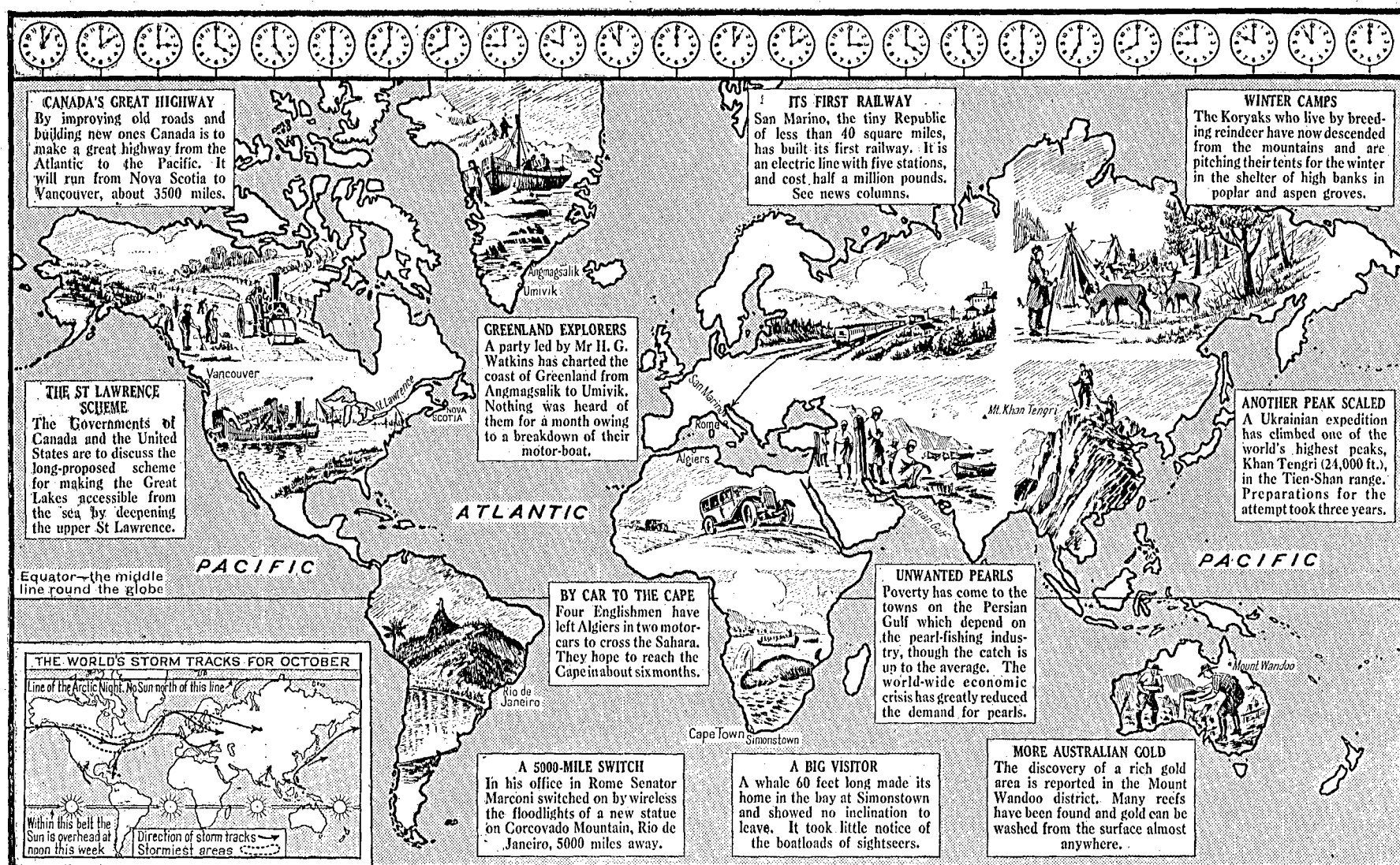
Russia in the Future

Large orders for goods are being placed in Sweden by the Russian Government.

The Russian Five-Year Plan is calling for an enormous quantity of machinery and plant, and Sweden seems to be taking a considerable part in the business. Among the goods either supplied or on order from Sweden are turbines, electrical machinery, sawmill equipment, and iron and steel.

Russia requires such great quantities of industrial plant that her market promises to be one of the most important in the world in the future. Her area, it should be remembered, is over eight million square miles, and very little of it is yet developed.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE CONQUERING BRITISH WORKMAN

What He Has Done With the Periscope

It is cheering to hear that British workmen have become leaders of the world in a craft which was once only found to perfection in another land.

Before the war everyone knew that German field-glasses were best. Experts also knew that German periscopes were best. The most marvellous lenses in the world were made by the painstaking craftsmen of Germany.

So it comes as a surprise to most people that the United States Navy has just ordered a large consignment of periscopes from England. This leads to the discovery that every Japanese submarine has a British periscope, and that until French politicians forbade the purchase of war material abroad the submarines in the French Navy were equipped in the same way.

Since the war British craftsmen have made tremendous advances along this road, and now it is claimed that there is no one to touch them.

It used to be our boast that there was no workmanship like British workmanship, and lately dismal people have said that it was no longer true. But here is an example of a craft in which the British workman has not merely held his own but has succeeded in conquering fresh territory.

A HERO INDEED

Here is a golden deed that happened the other day, hard to match even in a world like ours, which is so full of kindness and courage.

A blind man went into a burning house to help a woman.

Chivalry could hardly go higher than that. The blind man was not able to rescue the woman, but others did. The report we saw gives his name as Mr A. Hardie, of Aberdeen.

PEACE AMONG THE AFRIDIS

Coming to Terms

The unruly tribesmen who live in the hill country at the edge of the North-West Frontier Province of India have decided that peace is the best policy.

When trouble broke out in Peshawar in the summer of last year the Afridis, who love a fight of any kind, came down and added to the confusion.

These wild people, who are fanatical Mohammedans, govern, or rather mis-govern, themselves according to their ancient customs in territory which is not subject to British rule. Feuds are constantly breaking out between tribe and tribe, and even between families belonging to the same tribe.

The frontier authorities endeavour to secure their good behaviour by granting tribal allowances, and these were stopped during the incursions begun last year.

The rigour of their mountain climate compels the tribes to migrate in autumn to the plains around the Peshawar district, and this has led to their acceptance of the Government's conditions that our forces must remain on those plains to maintain law and order.

EVERY STREET

A motorist left his car in a street near Leicester's Town Hall square.

He was away too long, and was summoned.

Great was his indignation at hearing himself accused of "causing obstruction in every street in Leicester." Did they think he was a circus?

He was soothed when they explained that the name of the thoroughfare on that side of the square is Every Street.

There is one man at least who thinks it should be changed.

Local authorities in North Wales have been asked to refuse drink advertisements on all hoardings outside schools and churches.

WELCOME, LITTLE ONE

A Yorkshire Village Has a Baby

To Adlingfleet, near Goole, a child has been born.

In that little Yorkshire village the cry of a new-born babe had not been heard for nine years.

Adlingfleet is not like that saddened town of Hamelin after the Pied Piper had taken from its streets

All the little boys and girls

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

And sparkling eyes, and teeth like pearls. . .

There are, in fact, among the 360 villagers twelve children who go to the village school. But of that small number six were born outside the parish.

The new baby, a real Adlingfleeter, will bring new life to the village.

It's a girl.

CONSCIENCE KNOCKS AT THE TREASURY DOOR

There is something good in the worst of us.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has received the sum of £7100 from somebody who cheated the Treasury of this sum long ago.

It is believed to be the largest sum ever received by the State as conscience money, the next largest sum having been £5000 received during the war.

Two other sums have lately reached the Treasury in this way, one of £700 and one of £75.

THE BALL CAME BACK

A six-year-old Nottingham boy, James Stevens, owes his life to a miracle of modern surgery.

James inhaled a ball-bearing into his lung, but when a tube was passed down his throat, with a magnetised bar at the end of it, the ball clicked on to it and the boy's life was saved!

THE OLDEST REPUBLIC'S FIRST RAILWAY

San Marino Takes a Step Forward

San Marino has at last finished its railway.

The smallest independent State in Europe, San Marino lies in the hills, nine miles south-west of Rimini, on the Adriatic Sea.

Its area of between 30 and 40 square miles could be contained comfortably three or four times within the Isle of Wight. For 300 years it has been an independent Republic.

Hitherto, one single rough road has been the sole method of access to the tiny commonwealth on the mountain crag of the Apennines, but some time ago the 13,000 inhabitants of San Marino thought they would like a railway, and under the inspiration of their progressive Italian neighbours the San Marinese set about building one.

They spent over half a million pounds on the construction of the line, which runs from the Italian city of Rimini to San Marino City. It is an electric line with five stations, and it is to be opened next June, probably by Mussolini.

San Marino is a happy little country. It has no debt, no unemployed, practically no taxes, and no standing army. There is a militia of about 1000 men, who wear dashing uniforms on parade. But most of the time these decorative soldiers live as simple citizens, tilling their fields and attending to their other peaceable daily business.

British relations with the Republic have always been excellent. Today they are better than ever, for a British firm now prints the San Marinese postage stamps, which for 50 years had been printed by an Italian firm. *See World Map*

Herrings have been sold in Yarmouth at a shilling a thousand.

The first theatre in Persia has now been opened in Teheran.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 31 1931

Hate Will Not Work

What we are learning is that the economic life of the world is simply unworkable on the footing of war and its estrangements.

Mr J. A. Spender

WHEN people look round in a bewildered way, seeking for an explanation of the present world depression, they are apt to forget the war.

It was the war which blew away thousands of millions of pounds of the world's accumulated wealth and industry, and, what was worse, blew away the lives of millions of men who were making it.

The lives have vanished as irrecoverably as the shells and ships, the forts and trenches, the machine-guns and the poison gas. The world has lost with them an incalculable amount of its powers of recuperation. It has lost capital and working capital.

The same generation that fought the war is still paying for this loss, and so is the generation that followed it. So will the next generation have to pay. The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge.

This is all so plain to see that we can hardly believe there is a thinking man or woman in the world who believes that the world could go to war again. Somebody said the other day that even if such murderous folly were ever contemplated war must stop as soon as it began, for the workmen would not fight.

Yet, in contrast to that same view, what is the attitude of half the nations of Europe? They are still thinking of preparing for the future in terms of the possibility of war, not of its impossibility. If it were otherwise why should they wrangle about the limitation of armaments? They should be preparing for their abolition, not their limitation.

Every thought of war sets any one nation farther apart from its neighbours. How can one people come to the best possible business arrangements with others when behind their backs they are holding a weapon with which to club them into submission?

Unless the majority of people were honest, business between individuals would become impossible. Unless the majority of nations are honestly determined on peace, business between them must become unworkable, and will continue to be costly and incalculably wasteful.

The economic life of the world can prosper only on the condition that its peoples work together for that end. They can never do so with weapons in their hands. They are worse off than if they had one hand tied behind them, for the hand that is armed undoes the acts of goodwill to which the other should be set.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Last Farm Labourer in London?

MITCHAM's last agricultural labourer is dead, and that is the very end of a chapter.

For fifty years Charles Blackburn worked on a farm at Mitcham. He knew every corner of every field, the bad bits and the good bits, the places where nothing would grow and the places where anything would grow, the corners the cows loved and the hedge where you found violets first.

But smoky old London came nearer and nearer to his dear fields. Greedily it grasped at his love and his livelihood. Now streets of houses cover the soil he knew so well. Mitcham is a suburb of London.

It has its common and its golf course and some market gardens, but with Charles Blackburn it has lost its last link with the country life of old. There will never be another farm labourer in Mitcham.

A Cabbage For Fleet Street

IF we were to offer a cabbage for the stupidest thing written in Fleet Street this would have the cabbage for this week. It is from an evening paper we do not wish to mention.

We should not imagine that the League of Nations, which has been rightly said to "touch nothing that it does not adjourn" and has come to be generally recognised as a sort of international bran-pie from which desirable jobs can be extracted by those lucky enough to get a dip, would be the ideal instrument for the hand of a wise and potent dictator.

We wonder if this is not the poorest piece of ignorance that ever came from the All-Wise Street.

The Cuckoo's Bit

IT has been reported from Henfield in Sussex that the cuckoo was heard on October 5.

In August

Go he must,

says the rhyme, and people are wondering why he is so late this year.

Some will rudely suggest that the poor bird is waiting for the summer to begin. But Peter Puck knows better. This is the cuckoo's response to the patriotic appeal *Spend your holidays in England this winter.*

The Duke of Connaught is going to follow the Cuckoo's lead.

True Love

The twigs are strung with pearls of rain,
The fields are white with dew,
And mother o' pearl are skies again,
The Fall is here anew.

The tents have gone from field and hill,
Fair weather friends depart,
The few folk in the country still
Are lovers true of heart.

Desert her, when her fortune fails?
Desert, when flowers decay?
Not we! The worst of winter gales
Can't blow true love away.

Country Girl

Going and Coming

It is astonishing to find that we are now receiving from all parts of the world more migrants than we are sending out.

From Australia we received 5000 more people than we sent to her, and even the United States furnished us with over 4000 persons as compared with about 1000 who went to America in the first six months of this year.

This, of course, is quite a record in British history, for in the past we have every year furnished a contingent of emigrants to populate the new countries of the world.

Tip-Cat

THE cultivation of tomatoes for profit is becoming popular. A growing industry.

CRICKET is a cheap amusement, somebody says. Dear to most of us.

SMALL people are said to be quarrelsome. Short with their friends.

AN American visitor says he would like to go by Big Ben every day. To pass the time, we suppose.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If the fine October
set men longing for
autumn leaves

FEWER people are taking taxi rides. Londoners will be led but not driven.

IF wishes were horses, what would a beggar do with them now?

SOMEONE complains that the modern girl has a piercing voice. And she often bores.

A BELL-RINGER has retired after fifty years. Decided to ring the changes.

WHAT is the secret of making money? asks a correspondent. Those who know keep it.

A LONDON policeman can reach up nearly nine feet. Must be a centipede.

WORRY produces wrinkles. So we see worry in creases.

LONDON has two hundred rambling clubs. And doesn't know where to find them.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE fund for Sir Ronald Ross, conqueror of malaria, has reached £15,410.

THE Robert Browning play in London has been seen by 400,000 people.

NIGERIA has offered British Honours £1000 in relief of its distress from the recent tidal wave disaster.

JUST AN IDEA

It is not the wrongs done to us that harm us—only those we do to others.

Peace Crowned With Smiles

MY soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,

And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend,
And (O my soul, awake!)

DID in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure
But One who never changes:
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

Henry Vaughan

The Punch and Judy Man

By One in Two Crowds

THE Punch and Judy man had set up his time-honoured apparatus at the end of the street.

The shrill cries of Judy were being acclaimed by a cluster of excited children, whose expressive faces followed the old comedy with intense interest and attention.

Suddenly a few onlookers became aware of another crowd across the way and strolled toward it.

"Poor little fellow," a compassionate voice said.

There, on the pavement, in the centre of the crowd, lay a bright-faced boy of ten. His head was pillowed on the folded cape of an ever-ready policeman. He had been run over crossing the road to retrieve his ball, and the van-driver, who had failed to see him in time, stood in great distress, describing the accident. But the boy lay completely oblivious of everything but the Punch and Judy show across the way. "Oh, listen," he cried, "that's Punch. Now there's Judy. Oh, I do want to see the little dog."

There was a whispered consultation. The kindly policeman cleared a space. The next moment the platform, complete with Punch, Judy, and the little dog, miraculously appeared, and the whole performance was repeated for the benefit of a boy who was waiting for an ambulance.

When the battered old box for Punch came round a rather tired old man was generously rewarded. It was hard to guess who was happier—the excited boy in the ambulance with Toby, alive and real, licking his face, or the kind old man who became a great actor for ten minutes to soothe the boy's pain.

Angels Watching

Gentle Shepherd, make Thy child
Pure and gentle as the dew;
Keep my spirit undefiled,
Waking, sleeping, kind, and true.
May my slumber quiet be,
Angels watching over me.

October 31, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

7

DOOMED BUT NOT DONE FOR A SHIP'S STAND AGAINST FATE

Stirring Epic of the Vessel They Could Not Sink LAST ADVENTURE OF THE HYGEIA

From an Australian Correspondent

There was built at the shipyards in Glasgow in 1890 a paddle-steamer destined to carry holiday-makers up and down Port Phillip Bay, Australia.

The steamer was called Hygeia, and, under her own power, she steamed across the 20,000 miles of ocean to Australia.

For forty years she carried pleasure-seekers up and down the bay. Each week-end, in all weathers, she sailed from Port Melbourne down to Mornington, Dromana, Rosebud, and Sorrento; and in the good season she made the trip two or three times a week.

In the summer once a month she made a moonlight trip.

Deserted and Forlorn

But when the good roads were made down the coast hard times fell on the Hygeia. Still, she made the trip, ignoring the hundreds who sped down to Mornington, Dromana, Rosebud, and Sorrento by car.

Then one day this year she was put up for auction among the ship-breakers. Deserted and forlorn she rocked by the pier. When she was sold her purchaser was put under a bond of £1000 to the Harbour Trust to sink her outside the heads after all that was valuable had been taken from her. They took her funnel, most of her decking, all of her fittings, and the engines.

They left her a hulk with her rudder, the stanchions, the awnings, the butt of the mast, and her paddles.

Drifting in the Darkness

On a stormy windy day in August the little tug Eagle steamed up to the Hygeia. Eagle and Hygeia were joined by a tow rope of hemp and wire, and two men climbed on board the old ship, one to steer her, one with 50 lb of gelignite with which to blow her up when she was towed outside Port Phillip Bay.

With a shrill whistle the tug moved out from the pier, the tow rope tightened, and the old ship rocked and came to life.

Down the straight of the bay the full force of a southerly wind swooped on to the Eagle and the Hygeia. The little tug nosed manfully ahead, but the Hygeia grew more and more difficult to move. They battled for three hours. Suddenly, when a great wave lifted the tug high above the Hygeia, the tow rope snapped. The Hygeia was free!

There now began a grim struggle between the tug and its desperate crew and the old, freed hulk, a shell of a ship with a crew of two who could do nothing, and a ballast of 50 lb of gelignite.

The End of the Chase

Time and time again the tug rode the enormous seas and came near to the drifting hulk; then the captain, with clever seamanship, brought the tug within a few yards of the Hygeia and a tow rope was thrown. In the high seas it slipped from the boat before the two men could fasten it, and even when they held on it proved too heavy and slowly slid from their grasp.

The grim chase went on until dusk and then, just before dark, the men managed to hold the rope and slip it over a stanchion. But another huge wave came, a twist, and again the Hygeia was free.

Tired of the game she turned her head and, driven by a wind now tearing in from the ocean at eighty miles an hour, she slipped into the dark.

White-faced, the crew of the Eagle watched her go; death seemed certain

FAME CALLS AT THE POET'S GRAVE

To Eric Karlfeldt, the lyric poet of Sweden, has come an honour he refused while he lived.

The Nobel Prize was refused by him some years ago.

Now that he is dead it has been laid like a wreath on his grave.

The men who have refused such honour have been few. The poets who have sung without honour or reward while they lived have been many. To some of them Fame has given her garlands only when their poems have proved more immortal than themselves.

This posthumous honour to the Swedish poet recalls one of the finest of all

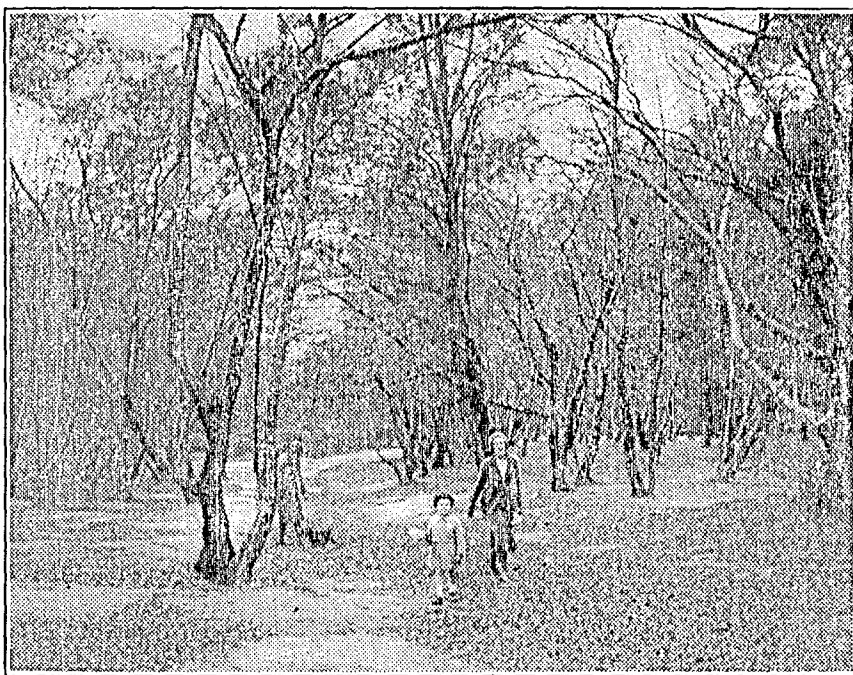
the short stories of Lord Dunsany about the poet whom Fame passed by.

She had honoured others, citizens of all kinds, but the poet she never heeded. He came to her over and over again, begging that she would smile on him, too, if only a little. But always Fame passed him heedlessly by.

But at his last appeal, when she turned her back on him once more, she paused, and looked over her shoulder smiling, as she had not smiled before. Then, speaking almost in a whisper, Fame said:

I will meet you in the graveyard at the back of the Workhouse in a hundred years.

THE COMING OF AUTUMN



On Hampstead Heath



In Kew Gardens

A fine autumn has helped us to forget one of the most dismal summers England has known within the experience of anyone now living. Londoners have not had far to go to see the gorgeous colours of Nature, as these pictures suggest.

Continued from the previous column

for the two men who were left on board. The captain of the Eagle sent up rockets. The lifeboat came out from Queenscliffe, but could do nothing. There were no lights on the Hygeia; she was lost. All night the Eagle and the lifeboat sailed the stormy sea to warn shipping of the drifting hulk.

But the old ship had not steamed over Port Phillip for forty years for nothing. She rolled on to a mud island, bumped, jolted, slid off, and rocked on.

On she lumbered, while the wind drove the storm clouds over the sky and the seas roared round her. She topped each wave, shook her paddles, and sank into the trough of the next wave. For 35

miles she drifted and just before dawn she came gently to rest.

When dawn broke the crew of the tug and the lifeboat swept the horizon with their field-glasses. Far over by the coast they saw the Hygeia. They steamed across, and there she rested, triumphant at last, firmly embedded in a sandbank two hundred yards from the shore and within sight of Rosebud.

The two sailors were brought safely away from her, but the old ship took no notice; she wanted only a long rest in the bay she loved so well. Take her outside the heads, would they, and blow her up with gelignite?

With a long shiver she settled a little deeper into the sand.

MUSSOLINI'S GOLDEN DEED

WIPING OUT THE MAFIA

Dictator's Stern Resolve to Clean Up Sicily

A CAGE FULL OF CRIMINALS AT PALERMO

Mussolini's broom is still busily at work in Sicily.

He has wielded it to such effect in clearing the island of the secret society of the Mafia that the last 241 men said to belong to it are now caged in Palermo to be tried.

There is something very medieval in putting prisoners all together in a vast iron cage and trying them in a church converted into a court room; but Sicily is still in many ways a medieval place and the Mafia has existed from the Middle Ages.

They are a society linked together for plunder. They have levied blackmail on the farmer and his crops, the villager and his patch of olives, the fishermen and their catch, the trader and the merchant, for five centuries.

A Widespread Power

The tribute they exacted grew to be so common and universal that the Sicilians themselves regarded it as a disagreeable tax which had to be borne. Any attempt to evade it brought severe and cruel punishment. Houses were burned, cattle were killed, crops were destroyed, and the offenders could never be brought to justice.

That was because the power of the Mafia was so widespread and its members, the Mafiosi, were so numerous. They were everywhere. No one could tell whether his neighbour might not be one of them. The lawyer to whom he went, the magistrate before whom he laid his case, might be in their pay or in their power. In either case he would be afraid to bear witness against them.

Mussolini found this sort of obstacle in his way when he first sought to deal with the Mafia, but he promised the power of his protection to the mayors and magistrates who would deal sternly and righteously with the scourge.

Origin of the Society

Two years ago the first criminals of this band were tried and sentenced. It is strange to think of their receiving justice, for the Mafia, at the beginning of its history, was an association of Sicilian people to mete out the justice denied by their rulers. Afterwards it degenerated into a band of blackmailers at the best and murderers at the worst.

Hundreds of them have been ferreted out, and it is hoped those in the cage at Palermo are the last.

At any rate Sicily has been made a better and more civilised place by the action of Mussolini, even to the eye of the visitor, though it is fair to say that the Mafia never interfered with foreigners. The towns and villages in the island are brighter and busier. There are no beggars, which is a wonder in any part of Italy.

The children, instead of throwing stones at the tourist, now salute him with uplifted hands, and, for better or worse, the place seems full of Mussolini's men.

TO ALL WHO LOVE TREES

On November 5, at 3 o'clock, a splendid collection of tree photographs, taken by Mr St Barbe Baker during his travels round the world, will be on view at the Garden Club, 2, Chesterfield Gardens, London.

This will be an opportunity, too, of seeing the Tree Calendar for 1932, an altogether beautiful production which can be bought for 5s from the Men of the Trees, 32 Warwick Road, London, S.W.5.

GOLD FROM A HEAP OF SAND

AN OLD MAN'S GOOD FORTUNE

Wealth From a Lonely Spot in the Middle of Australia

A PENNILESS MAN'S £3000

Twelve months ago a white-haired prospector, 65 years old, journeyed to Aritunga, a lonely desert spot about seventy miles from Alice Springs in central Australia.

Some years ago there had been a gold-field there, but all that was left of it were piles of sand excavated by the early diggers in search of the precious metal.

This prospector at once began cyaniding operations on those heaps of sand and extracted from them gold to the value of three thousand pounds.

The early gold diggers in all parts of Australia dug until they found seams of the precious metal, and they operated on these, with the result that much of the material they discarded still contained a certain proportion of gold. This gold, however, was in particles too minute to yield to the usual methods of washing, but is easily obtainable with the use of cyanide.

Neglected Knowledge

The fact that gold was soluble in a solution of cyanide of potassium was known to the jewellers of the Middle Ages, but it was not until 1896 that it was turned to practical use in the recovery of gold from the refuse of gold mines. Three Glasgow men, J. S. MacArthur, Robert Forrest, and William Forrest, devised the practical method of working that is now used.

First of all the tailings (as the material left in the digging of the mines is called) are washed in an alkaline solution. A strong cyanide solution is then used to dissolve the gold, and then a weaker solution of cyanide and then plain water are used. The gold is then precipitated by running the solution over pure zinc, or else by using an electrical process.

This method extracts gold from the most unpromising material, and one very concrete example has been shown in the work of the white-haired prospector, Mr Shugrus, in central Australia. He arrived at Aritunga and nothing but piles of sand lay at his feet. Twelve months later he had brought with him bricks of gold which are valued at three thousand pounds.

Two Years Without a Penny

Since the financial depression there have been many schemes for cyaniding the dumps around such famous gold centres as Ballarat, Bendigo, and Hamilton. In a few cases this has been done with excellent results, but for the most part the dumps are being left undisturbed and the unemployed are seeking other seams of gold farther afield.

Mr Shugrus has had 47 years' experience as a gold prospector, and to show how precarious such an existence can be he once worked for two years without making a penny, and then in one day, in Queensland, he found gold to the value of £5000. This sum vanished—as gold will vanish when it is brought to civilisation—and he was again penniless when he began cyaniding operations.

BACK TO A VILLAGE

A curious sign of the hard times we live in is furnished by the German town of Rastenberg in Thuringia.

For reasons of economy it is meditating the unusual step of turning itself back into a village. It is hoped that considerable sums will be saved in this way on the salaries of officials and so on. What the officials think of the innovation we do not know.

A SANTA MARIA AT SEA

Little Copy of Columbus's Ship

CHRISTOPHER'S GREAT VOYAGE AGAIN

This winter there will be sailors rubbing their eyes, going white under their tan, and declaring that they have seen a ghost.

For out on the high seas will ride a ship just like the ships men built 500 years ago. It will be the Santa Maria, a precise copy of the caravel in which Columbus discovered America, and it will cross the Atlantic Ocean just as he did.

Yes! just as he did, for there is to be no instrument on board invented after 1492.

The new Santa Maria was made for the Seville Exhibition of 1929, and Captain Don Julio Guillen was chosen to supervise the work. He fell in love with the ship, and began to dream of repeating the voyage of Columbus in her. For a long time there seemed no chance of carrying out the scheme, but now a rich man has come forward and promised to pay for the adventure.

The Government has granted its permission, and the League of Nations has given its blessing. The voyage is to begin in December.

There will be 25 men, instead of the 52 who went with Columbus. The chief cargo will be a large stone for the Columbus Memorial Lighthouse at Santa Domingo.

Scores of boys will now be hoping that someone will build a copy of the Golden Hind, and if anyone does he must look-out for stowaways. *Picture on page 3*

GOOD TURNS WAITING TO BE DONE

The Young Folk and the Old Folk

The old people of Bernberg in Germany are finding life much easier. They have each got a young pair of legs to run messages for them.

They tell the visiting nurse, and the nurse passes on their needs to the girls of the Secondary School. Sometimes it is a bit of shopping to be done, sometimes there are stockings knitted in the Old Ladies Home to be collected—all sorts of errands and odd jobs that would mean a good deal of trouble for poor old legs, though young ones can do them in a twinkling.

It is a good idea, and we are glad to pass it on, for all over the world are old people who are wondering how to get something done, and all over the world are young people who would enjoy doing it; it needs only a district nurse, a parson, or perhaps the postman or the schoolmaster, to bring them together.

MORE RUSSIAN SCHOOLS

The Spread of Education

The most pleasant thing we have seen recently written about Russian progress is that the Russian People's Commissariat for Education reports that in 1931 nearly all the children in the Soviet Union are attending school.

The number not attending is only three per cent in the towns and 13 per cent in the villages. Last year, it seems, the non-attendance was 29 per cent in towns and 32 per cent in villages. As many as 45,000 new schools have been opened in the last year, and 60,000 new teachers have been sent to the villages.

So advanced is the new Russian conception of education that in the most important parts of Russia it is hoped soon to raise the compulsory age of juvenile education to 17. One result of the spread of education in Russia is shown by the fact that there are now ten times as many newspapers circulated as in 1913.

POLAND AND EUROPE

Half a Revenue on Arms

DISQUIETING FACTS

Perhaps the best work of the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference next year was the decision to demand in advance a memorandum of their armaments and expenditure from the nations of the League.

One by one these statements are being given to the world, and we are able to examine them at leisure.

We have before us now the report of the Polish Government, with all its excuses and apologies. The amazing thing about this small country is that the cost of its armaments will this year eat up about half of its total revenue. England's proportion is about a seventh, France's about a fifth, while Russia's is about a tenth.

The Great Problem of Reserves

Poland admits an effective fighting force of nearly 350,000 fully-trained men, pleading as an excuse her long frontier of over 3000 miles and her lack of highways. She has 346 fighting aeroplanes and about the same number of training planes, while her navy has a total tonnage of 6000.

Unlike our own Government, Poland has given exceptional treatment to her soldiers, their pay having been reduced by only five per cent, while that of the other public servants has been cut by over 30 per cent in the drastic measures toward balancing this year's Budget.

The great problem in Disarmament arises in the numbers of the reserves, which on the Continent amount to colossal figures and a high percentage of the total population. If we add the reserves to the armies in the field we find figures such as these:

Poland	1,970,000	one in 6
France	6,300,000	one in 15
Italy	5,900,000	one in 14
Rumania	1,600,000	one in 11
Czecho-Slovakia	1,600,000	one in 11
And even		
Switzerland	630,000	one in 16

We in this country stand aghast at this preparedness for war, with our little percentage of just over one in a hundred of the population.

A NEW KIND OF TRAIN

For a Country Made of Coral

Another new kind of railway train has been evolved, this time for a country formed almost entirely of coral, with no rivers, and no water other than can be caught during the rain on the roofs of the houses.

Nevertheless 22 miles of railroad are being built, and as steam engines are out of the question some beautiful Pullman cars have been designed, each of which has its own petrol motor.

The railway is being built on the coral islands of Bermuda, a winter resort of New York. There are no motor-cars, because years ago the clouds of dust thrown up by them threatened the water supplies in the roof reservoirs.

HER BEST CUSTOMER

The stationers in the Isle of Man have a busy hour after the steamer has arrived with the English papers.

In one shop the other day a number of people were waiting for their papers when a black spaniel trotted in, obviously on important business.

"Oh," said the lady behind the counter, "will you gentlemen please excuse me while I attend to my best customer?"

She went to this customer, who dropped into her hand a penny, took a folded newspaper, wagged a Thank-You, and hurried away again.

"Now, gentlemen," said the lady of the shop, "what can I do for you?"

AUTUMN COMES TO THE ZOO

THE MAMMALS ARE CHANGING THEIR COATS

Deer and Birds of Paradise in High Spirits

A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo's busy season is over and the Gardens are wearing their usual autumn mantle of gloom.

The mammals are changing their coats, so some of them look shabby and bedraggled; the birds are growing silent, and many are depressed because they can no longer flaunt gaily-hued plumes.

All hibernators are growing sluggish, ready for a long sleep, for although menagerie conditions make it easy for such creatures as dormice and marmots to wake up and feed during the winter months they invariably indulge their instinct to hibernate as soon as the autumn season arrives.

A Striking Picture

To the penguins, wolves, baby walruses, and other lovers of chilly weather the prospect of winter is not disturbing, but the majority of the inmates of the Zoo are not feeling their happiest at this time of the year.

However, the menagerie has its bright corners even in the autumn. The deer are in high spirits, ready to fight any creature who crosses their path, for the moss has peeled off their antlers, leaving them very formidable weapons. As they stand in an alert, war-like attitude, uttering their battle-challenges, they make a striking picture.

But while they are in this mood no one should attempt to make friends with them. The autumn is their mating-time, and as soon as their antlers are bare of moss the animals become dangerous.

The birds of paradise differ from the other brilliant avians in the menagerie because they do not come into full plumage to welcome spring but to be prepared for the rainy season; so they look their best in the autumn.

Lovely Plumes

Just now these glorious feathered creatures are showing off their lovely plumes, and the Zoo visitor who watches patiently may be fortunate enough to see the cock birds displaying so effectively that their feathers vibrate. This is one of Nature's most beautiful sights, and it is difficult to believe that the magnificent bird of paradise is a near ally of the crow, and so greedy that the Zoo frequently has trouble to prevent him from eating until he falls in a fit!

There should be some interesting additions in the Gardens next year, for the Zoo has commissioned a naturalist to visit Australia to collect rare specimens. It is hoped that he will bring back examples of the duck-billed platypus, the kiwi, and the koala, or tree-bear.

NINEPENNY OPERA

In Munich lucky music-lovers can get a seat in the opera house for 9d.

At two theatres great plays are as cheap as the silliest films, for the lowest-priced seats are 6d.

There are, of course, some fine films, but there is a mass of rubbish which people only tolerate because the seats are cheap at cinema houses.

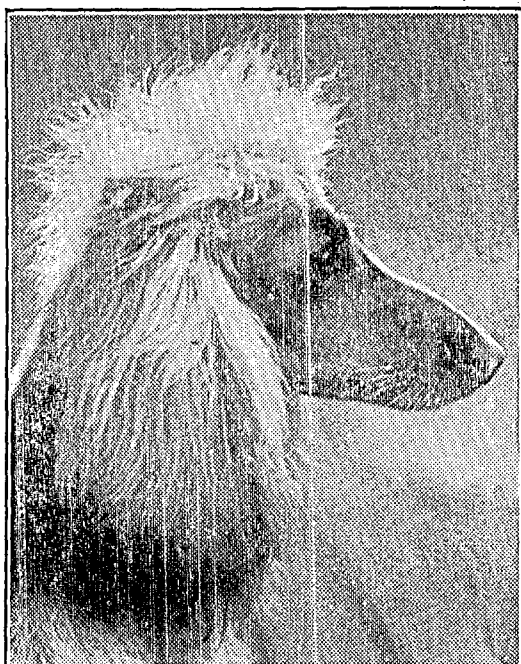
It is no good scolding people for living in ugly villas and attending silly films if you do not offer them pleasant-looking houses and good entertainment at the same price.

Munich believes in offering people good things at the price of things, less good, and it is certain that people will choose the best.

October 31, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

FUTURE ENGINEERS • CHILDREN LEARN WEAVING • B.B.C. SCULPTURE



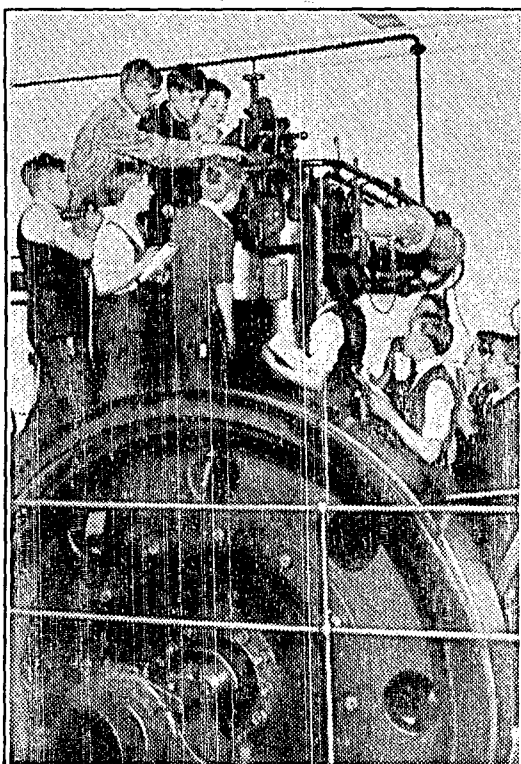
An Aristocrat—This handsome dog is an Afghan hound which won prizes at the Kennel Club show held the other day at the Crystal Palace.



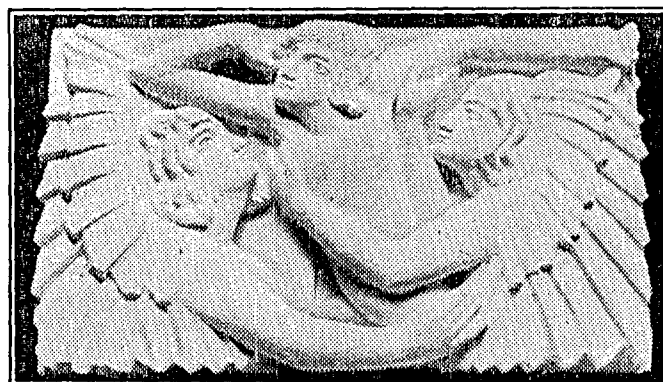
In the Maize—These little girls helped to gather the maize at Hoddesdon in Hertfordshire, where the harvest was late owing to the unfavourable summer. Little maize is grown in England; the climate is not suitable.



Looking Backward—At first glance this bird appears to have eyes in the back of its head. But it is only a pelican with its head tucked in between its wings.



Future Engineers—The L.O.C. School of Navigation at Poplar trains boys for service at sea. These boys are being instructed in the working of a Diesel engine.



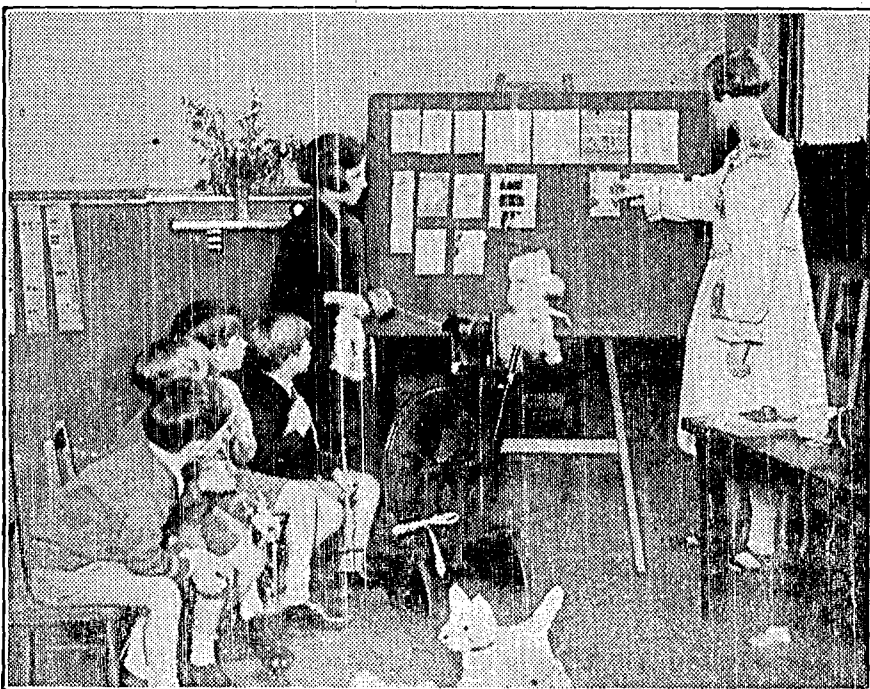
B.B.C. Sculpture—Here is one of Mr Eric Gill's sculptures for the new headquarters of the B.B.C. at Portland Place. It represents Ariel learning celestial music.



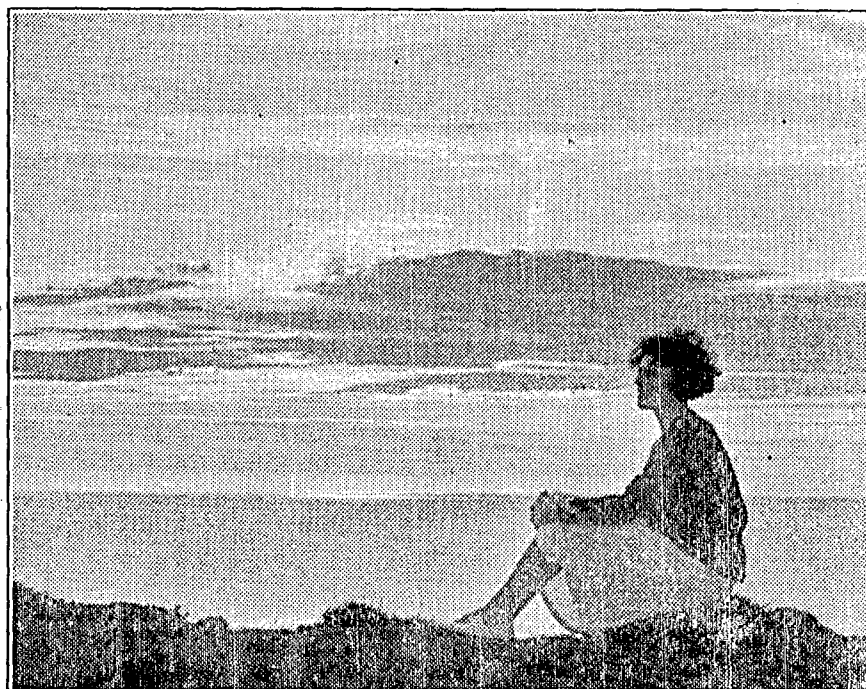
A Friend of Mr Stripes—A zebra at the London Zoo eagerly thrust its nose between the bars when a boy approached its enclosure with a bun.



A Light Aero-Engine—A 500 horse-power Jupiter engine which weighs only 700 pounds is here seen being completed in the Bristol aircraft factory.



Weaving Lessons for Children—At St Kilda's Hall, Croydon, classes are being held to teach children weaving on small hand looms, as shown here.



A £1000 Snapshot—This beautiful picture, taken in the Isle of Man by Mr Charles Powell, won the £1000 prize in the British Isles section of the Kodak international competition.

KINDNESS SPREADING EVERYWHERE

How the Lepers Got Their Gramophone

ONE CONCERT PAYS FOR MUSIC ALL THE TIME

The C.N. and a London correspondent of the C.N. each arrived by different routes as visitors at the London Missionary Society's headquarters in Madagascar.

"That reminds me," said their host. "An incident happened here a short time ago that I am sure would interest the C.N." This is the story.

We had been to the Leper Asylum, some 18 miles away, and had come back wretchedly depressed at the sight of these poor, maimed, and incurably sick folk; such a crowd of them, too, over 700 men, women, and children.

Some were only in the early stages of the disease, others were cruelly maimed, poor souls waiting till a kindly death should give them release.

Heroic Devotion

As we came away we wondered what we could do to help them to pass the long dull hours. A kindly Government saw that they had enough to eat; neither did they lack for clothes. A doctor, a brave young nurse, and a French lady missionary nursed them with heroic devotion. What could we do?

Then the thought came. What about a gramophone and a good set of lively records? But these things are costly overseas because of high customs duty. Where could we get the £10?

We organised a concert, with a massed choir of 200 children from the Mission High School hostels, and to the 2000 people who crowded into our largest building we sang the story of Christ the great Healer.

When we counted the collection we found we had £12 for the gramophone and records.

On a gloriously sunny morning a few weeks later five of us got into the car and put a big square-looking object on one of the seats. We were going to give a concert in which we were the promoter, the conductor, and the first violin. The nearer we got to our destination the happier we felt.

Smiles and Happy Laughter

Soon we were facing that same sad crowd of lepers, but this morning their faces were brighter. As the gramophone started they broke into smiles, and then a roar of laughter swept over the crowd, for we had put on one of their own native records, and it pleased them immensely. Once again they were back in their village on a moonlight night, with the tom-tom beating and the people gathering to sing and clap to the rhythm of the native dance.

We told them that the gramophone was to be their very own, and we left them playing it; and as we drove away we prayed that this tragic community would catch something of the gramophone's cheeriness.

ON DUTY WITHOUT A MAN

Three Wonder Lightships

Three wonder lightships of 140 tons, built by a Chester firm, left Liverpool the other day in the Norwegian motor-vessel Belnor.

They will be stationed on three lonely places on the Burma coast, and for 12 months will do their duty there without a single man aboard. The sun-valve device turns on the riding light and flashing main lights as soon as dusk falls; and when mist gathers starts the fog bell automatically. So sensitive is this valve that even a dense cloud passing over the lightship sets all the warning signals going.

THE HALF-GUINEA SPECIALIST

GOOD NEWS FOR THE NEW POOR

A Hospital Has a Fine Idea and Acts On It

THE SELF-RELIANT SPIRIT

A fine thing has been done by St Mary's Hospital, Paddington. It has opened a clinic where people of small means can see an eye specialist for a fee of 10s 6d.

Hitherto clerks and teachers, and other people with narrow incomes, have been in bad plight. If they went to free clinics they felt mean, and even if they put a subscription in the hospital box they could not say so to the other people waiting to see the doctor, whose looks plainly said: "You have no right here. You earn more than I do." If they went to a Harley Street specialist they had to pay a fee which was far more than they could afford. Sometimes they were tempted to buy spectacles in a shop without a proper prescription from a specialist. Nothing could be more foolish.

Paying Their Way

But now they can pay half a guinea and get the best advice. The clinic is open to members of approved societies, contributors to the Hospital Saving Association, and those who earn up to £6 a week. Appointments can be made, and the clinic is held every Tuesday evening.

We do not believe that the majority of Englishmen like receiving charity, and we believe that, except for a minority who abuse and rob the public, everyone would rather have work than draw an unearned income from investments or from the unemployment fund. Most Englishmen and women like to say: "I can pay my own way from my own earnings. I don't want soup tickets or free treatment in hospitals." To these people, the great mass of the nation, this new clinic is a blessing. It is part of the movement that has provided paying wards in hospitals for those who cannot afford nursing homes yet want to pay their way.

The growth of the movement suggests that the pessimists are wrong, and that the nation is not losing the old self-reliant spirit which was ever our pride.

A MERRY HEART GOES ALL THE DAY

There is a wonderful old lady who lives on the banks of the Dee, at West Kirby in Cheshire, who agrees with Shakespeare that a cheerful disposition is an ingredient of a long life.

She is Miss Janette Hynde, aged 103, and she advises us to laugh and sing as we go if we want to live to be 100.

She is the leader of the Deeside 80 Club, which has a large membership of jolly old people, and includes two others who have reached 101. Miss Hynde always has a big birthday party, and sings for her guests. She heard a street musician recently playing Loch Lomond on his fiddle, and she could not resist stopping her chair and singing the song to the delighted crowd on the promenade.

A CHEERFUL CARGO

The Canadian Pacific liner Montrose is carrying a unique cargo across the Atlantic to Montreal. It consists of 4263 professional singers!

They are canaries bred in Germany. During their voyage they will consume a ton of assorted birdseed and about 600 hard-boiled eggs, finely chopped.

WHAT HE COULD COUNT ON

A Czech Among the English

A Czecho-Slovakian visiting England for the first time describes his sensations during this experience.

He thought us, as a people, rather taciturn and joyless; he missed the cheerful intercourse of the streets and markets in his own country.

"Sometimes," he writes, "you have a sense of uneasiness at feeling so solitary in the midst of these kind and courteous people. The most beautiful things in England are the trees, the herds, and the people; and then, too, the ships."

He became quite lyrical over our policemen; and there was one thing on which he felt he could count always, and that was kindness.

"If you were a little boy," he writes, "you would know that you can trust the English more than yourself, and you would be free and respected here more than anywhere else in the world. The policeman would puff out his cheeks to make you laugh; an old gentleman would play at ball with you; and a white-haired lady would lay aside her 400-page novel to gaze at you winsomely with her grey and still youthful eyes."

A CITY OF THE FIT

The Ideal Life at Strasburg

The city of Strasburg has made a remarkable experiment by erecting an ideal garden city, the tenants of which are carefully selected from the middle and artisan classes. Only young married couples are taken as tenants. The houses are of a labour-saving type, set in gardens.

The results are declared to be very remarkable. There is no disease, and the births exceed the deaths by 35 per 1000, whereas in Strasburg itself the excess is under three per thousand. That, perhaps, is not very surprising when we remember that the whole community is young and fit. The children are said to be stronger, taller, healthier, heavier, and more beautiful than anywhere else in France.

That again is not surprising, for health is beauty, and nothing is more certain than that any nation, by creating ideal conditions of life for its people, can help themselves to a beautiful new generation.

The children of the poor are in nearly every case quite healthy at birth, and if they could be taken out of their environment and well nourished and nurtured they would become splendid specimens of their kind.

A MYSTERY

Everybody loves a mystery, and there is a first-rate one now lying in a Yorkshire bank.

It is a heavily-sealed parcel which must not be opened till 1961, and has been given on that condition to the Saltaire Hospital by a Shipley man.

He refused to tell the governors of the hospital what was in the parcel, but said that he believed it would be very valuable in 30 years.

Is it a precious trinket belonging to a living celebrity? Is it some historic object that will have especial value when it reaches its centenary? We must wait 30 years to see.

A MILLION TELEVISION SETS

Although television was largely an English invention, and was brought into existence by Mr J. L. Baird, America's enthusiasm for new things has been responsible for its far quicker development in the United States.

There are now 30,000 television sets at work in that country; and so popular is this new amateur hobby that a million sets are being manufactured to be available the year after next.

1000 JEWS FOR SPAIN

THE MARTYRDOM OF A PEOPLE

Reclaiming Lost Nationality After Over Four Centuries

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF COLUMBUS

An almost incredible story of tragedy and romance lies hidden in a paragraph announcing that a thousand Jews from Bulgaria may shortly be admitted into the Republic of Spain, and that presently the formation of small colonies of Jews may be permitted to spring up there.

For those Bulgarian Jews speak Spanish, and are, indeed, descendants of a whole Hebrew people expelled from Spain in the days when Columbus was waiting to set out on his voyage. The same pen which Isabella and Ferdinand used in 1492 to sign the deed signalling the final overthrow of the Moors, after a domination of Spain lasting 781 years, is said to have signed the treaty with Columbus and the ferocious edict expelling the Jews.

Aristocracy of the Hebrews

The Spanish Jews were the aristocracy of the Hebrew people. They had been in Spain for centuries, were rich and learned, industrious, devout, and orderly. Suddenly the cruel word of the Spanish Inquisition went forth against them, and the King and Queen had to give effect to the bidding of the Roman Church.

The Jews must forthwith change their religion or go. Two thousand were burned alive in Andalusia; 17,000 professed conversion; but the bulk of them, numbering hundreds of thousands, had four months in which to get rid of their property, taking neither gold nor silver in exchange, and to wander forth into a wide world of which most of them knew nothing at all.

An Appalling Exodus

The exodus was an appalling one. Hosts went to Africa and were destroyed by savage tribes; some were admitted, on payment, into Portugal, to suffer there a fate hardly less melancholy; others reached Italy, carrying with them plague that swept the land; others found their way to Turkey, to the Levant, to France, and to England.

The service in many English synagogues today still bears evidence of that exodus from Spain; and Balkan Jews of the ancient strain still speak Spanish, still call themselves Spanish, and still yearn to resume the nationality of which, with their enormous wealth and prosperity, their ancestors were deprived 439 years ago.

The Exodus of which we read in the Bible was but the beginning of a story: all through history the Jews have made one exodus after another.

OUR NATIVE FLOWERS

The Natural History Museum at South Kensington has issued five more sets of coloured postcards of our native plants. These delightful drawings include 15 of our dainty orchids and such well-loved flowers as the bluebell, the periwinkle, and the wild mignonette.

Descriptive paragraphs accompany the cards, and the cost of each packet is one shilling.

THE BEST SELLER

A book has just sold a hundred thousand copies in two months.

Guess what it is!

A detective story?

No; although parts of it are as exciting as any tale of modern villainy.

A love-story?

No; although part of it is the greatest love-story in the world.

It is the new shilling Bible brought out by the Bible Society.

JUPITER'S MOONS A CHANCE TO SEE THEM The Little Satellites of a Great World

GLORY OF THE NIGHT SKY

By the C.N. Astronomer

Jupiter, now such a splendid object in the early morning sky, will have a companion on Wednesday next, for the Moon will then be a little way to the left of Jupiter's great world.

Any time after midnight they may be easily seen, if the weather is fine; first in the east, where the Moon will be only between six and seven times her own width away above Jupiter.

Afterwards they veer round to the south-east and finally to the south by daybreak. During this time the Moon will appear gradually to creep away to the left of the glorious planet.

On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday night Callisto, generally known as Jupiter's Fourth moon, should be easily seen to the left of the planet. Callisto will appear very close, at about one-third of the apparent width that the Full Moon appears to us. Callisto is actually about 1,167,000 miles from Jupiter, so when this satellite is seen the apparent space between it and Jupiter will represent about a million miles.

From Side to Side

Callisto is about 3350 miles in diameter, according to Professor Barnard; it is therefore more than half as wide again as our Moon. As it revolves round Jupiter in 16 days, 16 hours, and 32 minutes Callisto will be on the opposite (or right) side of Jupiter by the end of the following week. Since it gradually appears about a day and a half later each week it becomes quite easy to follow this satellite from week to week, finding it alternately, first on one side and then on the other of Jupiter.

Ganymede, Jupiter's Third satellite, may also be glimpsed on the nights of Sunday and Monday next on the left side of the planet, and also on the right side by the end of the week.

Since Ganymede revolves round Jupiter in but 7 days, 3 hours, and 42 minutes it takes only between 3 and 4 days for it to appear first on one side and then on the other of Jupiter. Ganymede may therefore be followed like Callisto.

First and Second Satellites

As Jupiter now rises in the east at near 11.30 and about half an hour earlier each week, he will soon adorn the evening sky and be a glorious object throughout the coming winter.

It has been claimed that two more out of Jupiter's nine satellites may be seen with field-glasses. These are Io and Europa; the glasses, however, must be very powerful and the conditions most favourable to enable this to be done, since Io, the First satellite, never appears more than about one-twelfth the width of our Moon away from Jupiter, while Europa, the Second satellite, is never farther than about one-ninth of our Moon's apparent width away. They are all easily seen through a small hand telescope. G. F. M.

GAS FIRES AND SUNSHINE

For twenty years the leading engineers of the gas industry have met in conference to plan campaigns against dirt and darkness.

They are in reality sweeping the cobwebs from the sky and letting us have more light in our big towns. During the first 15 years of the existence of the British Commercial Gas Association the winter's sootfall in London was reduced by half, and records prove that during these years the number of gas appliances used in London was almost exactly doubled.

C. L. N.

Who Will Make a Peace Plot?

A GOOD IDEA FROM HASTINGS

Number of Members—28,802

At Hastings, last Armistice Day, a little plot of ground was dedicated and planted with bulbs by boys and girls. They called it a Peace Plot.

In the spring they planted it with summer flowers, and these, when they had finished blooming, were replaced by autumn flowering plants. Now bulbs are being planted, so that there may be a fine show next spring.

The idea of the Peace Plot is that, as a garden cannot be made beautiful without hard work, so there never will be peace all over the world unless the peacemakers work hard.

Here is a fine idea for C.L.N. peacemakers, which may be adopted both literally by making Peace Plots and in the other sense by a campaign of hard work in persuading many boy and girl friends to become members of the C.L.N. Thus they will bring nearer the ideal of peace all over the world.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of
Nations,

15, Grosvenor Crescent,
London, S.W. 1

No letters should be
sent to the C.N. office.



The C.L.N. Badge

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members

Goodwill Among the Peoples—page 2

BAWRA

A Wartime Deal in Wool

Next March will see the close of one of the greatest trading transactions the world has ever known, for in that month Bawra will distribute to its creditors the last three-quarters of a million pounds of its total payments of 236 millions.

Bawra stands for the British Australian Wool Realisation Association, which for nearly eight years dealt with all the wool produced in Australia and New Zealand from 1916 till June, 1920.

This enormous transaction began with the purchase of all the wool from these Dominions by the British Government on behalf of this country and her Allies, and was due to the inability of the producers to secure ships to bear it across the high seas without Government aid.

A fair price was arranged, and our Government undertook to bear any losses on the re-sale of the finer fleeces, while returning half of any profits to the Dominions, an arrangement which gave an extra 34 million pounds to the wool-growers, so excellent were the marketing operations carried out by Bawra, who sold their last fleece at Liverpool in May, 1924.

This wool story is a striking example of the good work done by the Motherland for its daughter States.

STILL FEWER CHILDREN

We have now the record of births for the first six months of 1931, and it shows that fewer and fewer children are being born in England and Wales.

In the first quarter the number was 159,820, actually 2378 less than the deaths in the same period. In the second quarter the births, although larger than the number of deaths, were the smallest number recorded for this quarter during the past ten years.

It looks as though by the end of the year we shall again have to record a new low record in the birth-rate.

A TWO-MINUTE VISIT

THOMAS CARLYLE'S WRITING DESK

Within a stone's throw of Battersea Bridge is the little house that Thomas Carlyle made famous, with many of his treasures.

By the side of the Thames at Chelsea, where the river and the trees and the old houses of Cheyne Walk make such a pretty sight, the passer-by may tread in the footsteps of all manner of famous people, Sir Thomas More and George Eliot, Sir Hans Sloane and Dean Swift. In two minutes he can be in Thomas Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row.

If he is in the right mood he will almost fancy he can see Carlyle's sturdy Scottish figure walking on the pavement.

Here is still the greengrocer's where Mrs Carlyle bought her cauliflowers and potatoes from Mr Terry, and here the shop of the chemist where her husband ordered medicine for his dyspepsia. In the prescription book, which is still kept there, one can discover what medicine he took. It is a very good prescription for indigestion. One might do worse than take it on occasion, feeling then that one shared something, if only one of life's little ills, with the Sage of Chelsea.

The House in Cheyne Row

Just round the corner is the house, No 26, which the Carlyles took and furnished, full of hope. Here is where Thomas Carlyle lived and worked, was happy, and also was desolate and sad. The memory of Thomas and his wife Janet fills its rooms.

Many are the things to see there, but there is one which seems to bespeak Thomas Carlyle more than any other. It is his little travelling writing desk. It has his ink, his pens, his sealing-wax. It has also his needles and cotton, for he would sew on his own buttons.

It was on this desk that he wrote parts of the great books that long outlived him, and are not yet dead though less read than they ought to be.

He took it with him to France, where we happen to know that he suffered dreadfully from his indigestion—but would not give up the bacon and eggs which the doctor said had caused it.

Indigestion or no indigestion, he went on writing every day at his little writing desk. He was not going to be beaten.

Look at that tidy little desk and you will catch something of the spirit of Thomas Carlyle.

The house where he lived and worked and was very happy withal, in spite of life's little rubs, seems to have not forgotten his presence, or that of his wife Janet Carlyle.

A Poem Everyone Knows

They were very happy in finding this convenient little house in Cheyne Row, which seemed to them a marvel of cheapness. Janet was delighted with it.

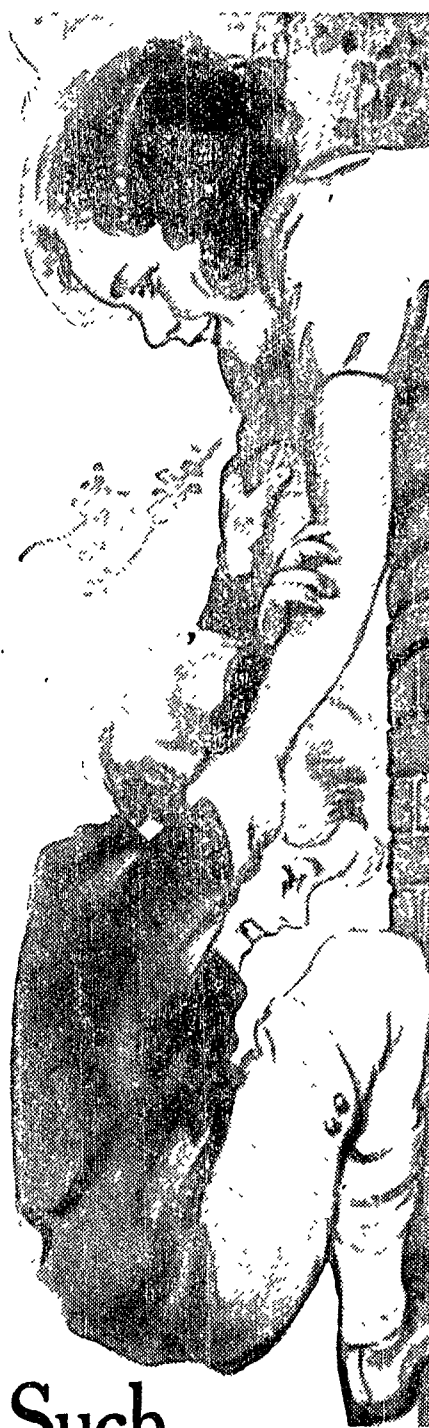
She liked the kitchen—which had a well!—and the spring which supplied it still runs underground along Cheyne Row, though nobody uses it. She liked what seemed to her the spacious rooms. They were a good deal better lighted in Carlyle's day than now, when a tall building on the other side of the Row shuts out a good deal of the light. There were nothing but gardens on their garden side.

She had neighbours she liked too. One of them was Leigh Hunt, who lived round the corner in what is now called Upper Cheyne Row.

One night when he came in she got up from her chair and kissed this old friend: and he made a poem about it. Everyone knows it. It runs:

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed
me,
Say I'm growing old, but add
Jenny kissed me!

Happy days they were, with all their troubles.



Such strength!

THE health that ensures energy and strength depends so much on correct diet and proper nourishment. Every particle of the material used in creating health and ensuring sturdy development is obtained from nourishment. During their growing years children need more nourishment than their ordinary daily food supplies. They need the rich nourishment so abundantly contained in delicious "Ovaltine."

This perfect food beverage supplies the concentrated goodness of Nature's best foods—barley malt, pure fresh milk and new-laid eggs. No other food can ensure the same results.

"Ovaltine" is the ideal food for giving and maintaining health, strength and vitality.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

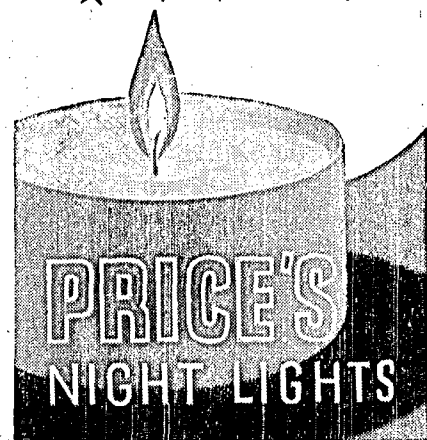
Reduced Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.



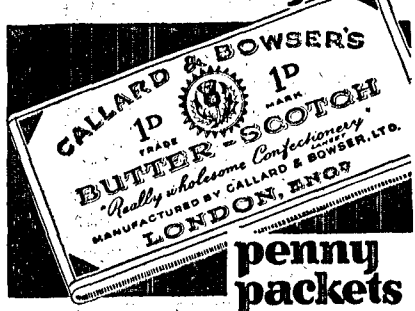
the friendly glimmer
For kiddies
For invalids
For the old folk

29 uses for Price's Night Lights are entertainingly set forth in an illustrated booklet **Free** which will be sent on receipt of a postcard to **Price's, Dept. C.N./1, London, S.W. 11**

★ Always keep a box handy.



Specially made for you



Callard & Bowser's
THISTLE BRAND
Butter-Scotch
Really wholesome Confectionery

CALLARD & BOWSER LTD.
Duke's Road, London W.C.1

1000 PACKET 4 1/2
500 excellently mixed stamps, complete sheet of 100 Postage unused, 12-page booklet for duplicates, 2d. extra.

25 British Colonials, 375 Strip Mounts (three times as quick as the old-fashioned single ones), also my fine illustrated list. Senders of stamp-collecting friends' addresses will receive in addition a free set. Ask to see my cheap approval sheets.

WATKINS (C.N. Dept.), Granville Road, BARNET.

CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d.
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the **FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet St., E.C.4.** By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling **FLEET S.F. PEN** with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad), equal to those sold at 10/6. Fleet price, 4/11, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.

DO THEY LOVE HIM STILL Now All His Songs Are Done?

Another name has been added to the long roll of famous men and women commemorated on the walls of Bath's old grey houses.

The house where Fred Weatherly dwelled for many years has now a tablet. Its windows look away to the heights of Beechen Cliff and to the Abbey, and in the sunshine of an autumn day a number of people gathered outside it to do honour to the kindly man who once made it his home.

*For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing,
Sang of death and life undying*

Dame Clara Butt, who unveiled the tablet, declared that he brought comfort and joy to thousands and thousands of homes, and added that he cannot fail to find his heaven. The great singer paused and looked away to the wooded heights yellowing in the autumn sunshine, and then added: "The sweet moments of our life are those when we are conscious of the wonder of that place."

The Golden Gift

A letter was read from Lord Sankey, who wrote: "His was a life which made the whole world richer. I am proud that the profession to which I belong should be able to claim among its members so great a song-writer and so lovable a man."

Justice McCardie wrote: "He possessed the golden gift of friendship, and never lost the opportunity of a kindly action or a generous word. He knew all that life meant, but he never failed in his cheerfulness and serenity. He was in very truth

*A man of happy yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."*

In one of his songs Mr Weatherly wrote:

*I wonder will you love me still
When all my songs are done?*

If he could have been at the unveiling of this tablet he would know that the answer to that question is Yes, and Yes again.

Many of those present must have recalled the spare figure and kindly face which had passed so often through the old streets of Bath, and many returned to their homes remembering songs he had written which have become, as it were, part of their life, interwoven with its joy and sorrow.

POOR STORKS

A Crisis For Them in Hungary

There is an economic crisis among the storks of Hungary as among the storks of Alsace, of which we were writing the other day.

Their troubles have their origin in the great drought of the past summer and in the new irrigation works which have emptied the Hungarian meadows of all that is food for storks.

There is an appalling increase in the numbers of the unemployed, as day by day more storks come to realise that it is no use to look for frogs where no frogs are. From unemployment to the dole there is, as we all know, but a step; and the storks of Hungary have taken it. It is pretty but rather sad to see them come stalking into the villages and wait humbly for the scraps of food which the villagers throw to them.

There has always been good feeling between humans and the storks which year by year come to nest on their house-tops. But now there will be more than that, there will be affection and confidence and the bond which unites those who have learned to know what hardship means.

MAN'S SMALLEST FOE The Filter Passers

By their works alone the filter passers are known.

Dr Dale, who described them to the British Association, is like all the rest of us in never having seen them. But everybody carries some of them, for one of the filter passers causes the Common Cold. That is its life-work.

They are called filter passers because the finest filters which the bacteriologist employs to filter out bacteria or other of the smallest living things will not hold them. They are so small that they squeeze or slip through the pores of unglazed porcelain.

Some are so small that they are only four or five times as large as a good-sized molecule, and the question has arisen whether things of such exceeding minuteness can be organised living creatures at all. Are they living creatures which can live and feed and multiply of themselves, or are they just poisons which stimulate other living cells to poisonous growth?

Science and the Viruses

Science is bending all its efforts to find out the truth about these viruses, the other name given to them to signify the chief fact about them, namely, that they are poisons.

They will grow and increase, but only in company with the other living things they inhabit, the cells of plants and animals. The one which has been most successfully studied is that which causes distemper among dogs. It has been got from dogs with distemper, but it can be grown and cultivated only in the dog.

The same is true of the virus which causes foot-and-mouth disease among cattle; but this is a more difficult virus to deal with than the distemper virus.

There are about 34 of these filter passers known or believed to exist. One of them is believed to be a cause of the most dreaded disease known to man.

When science learns exactly what these virulent enemies are, and how and why they exert their poisonous power, we shall be on the road to make the world a better place for man and beast to dwell in.

WHO WAS MARCO POLO?

Born Venice, 1254. Died Venice, 1324

One of the earliest and greatest of travellers, Marco Polo was only a boy when he set out with his father and uncle to China.

The elder Polos had already wandered thither, had been handsomely received by Kublai Khan, the Emperor, and by him commissioned to lead a hundred learned men from Europe to the Celestial Empire.

When they set out two friars accompanied them, but soon turned back; and the three Polos went on alone, by way of Mosul, Bagdad, and Ormuz, through Khorasan, up the Oxus to the Pamir plateau, through Kashgar, Yarkand, along Lake Lob, over the Great Gobi Desert, and so to Shangtu, near the modern Peking, where Kublai Khan was staying.

For 17 years they were honoured guests at the Imperial Court. Marco was made an ambassador, and visited Cochin China, India, and elsewhere. Finally the three returned, wealthy, to their native land, coming back by way of Sumatra, the Strait of Malacca, Ceylon, and Ormuz. During a battle between the Venetians and Genoese Marco was taken prisoner and cast into gaol. His misfortune was a blessing to posterity, for he recounted his adventures to a fellow-prisoner, who gave them to the world in the form of a book. That book did much to stimulate the love of travel, and was of great assistance to Columbus and other seekers after a sea-way to India.

THE ARK OF CROMWELL ROAD A Museum Jubilee

For fifty years the animals of the world have streamed into the Ark of the Natural History Museum.

Through the portals of the tall building in Cromwell Road have marched creatures that lived ten million years ago and insects whose life is but a day. In the cabinets and cases repose eight million insects, one for each Londoner of Greater London. They are numbered, but the census of their families and occupations is not nearly completed. Many thousands await classification and description, which takes years of a busy naturalist's time.

Birds From Every Clime

To the Bird Gallery birds have come in thousands from every clime—border birds from Australia, birds of paradise from New Guinea, humming-birds from South America, eagles from their eyries, and all arranged so naturally in their habit as they lived that one almost expects them to fly out of the windows.

Their arrangement was the life-work of one man. Their care occupies ceaseless years of work of many others.

Not merely the birds of our own day are here. There are the Great Auk and the extinct Dodo still to be seen, and in an adjoining gallery are the bones of the first bird that ever flew, the Archaeopteryx, which soared over Bavaria, showing its teeth, when Cromwell Road was at the bottom of the sea.

It has many tremendous companions from the past, for the Fossil Gallery of the Natural History Museum is one of the glories of the world. Megalodons and Dinosaurs tower terrifically above the mere men who have collected them; the Diplodocus stretches an 80-foot tail, the sabre-toothed tiger shows its fangs.

Fishes of the Primeval Sea

There are fishes which swam in the Primeval Sea when the Earth began to cool, and whales which remain to show us that in the twentieth century there are creatures in the sea as big as ever came out of it.

There are the spider which lives higher than any other creature in the world among the glaciers of Mount Everest and the fossil shell that was cast near by it before the mountain was upheaved from the depths of the ocean.

Every other form of life is exhibited there, from mosquitoes to elephants and the parasites of both; and in a steel safe is the skull of the first known human being who lived in Britain, leaving his remains for a man of our time to find.

Eoanthropus Dawsoni is his name, the Piltdown Man, and the Natural History Museum is his monument, for his descendants have built and filled it.

COFFEE AND THE STARS And a Visit From a Hippopotamus

A night watchman's job is an easy one, sometimes. He lights a fire, makes himself a pot of coffee, and looks at the stars. The hours glide past, and nothing ever seems to happen.

But there is a night watchman who would tell you that it is not half such an easy life as you suppose. He is employed at the Kampala Waterworks on Lake Victoria, and he was all alone the other night when the door began to open.

Something pushed it farther and farther. Then a hippopotamus appeared and gravely looked round.

While the night watchman was wondering how on earth to deal with the monster it quietly withdrew, and the watchman had another sip of coffee and another look at the stars.

A dog has been granted a railway season ticket between Goodmayes and Romford for three months.

October 31, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

13

THE DANGER TRAIL

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

Derek Fair's home is in Bolivia, where his father has a ranch.

While rescuing a drowning Indian named Kespi, Derek and his friend Tod Milligan make an enemy of Carbajal, a rich mine owner.

Carbajal threatens to ruin them. Only a large sum of money can save the situation. This Kespi offers to produce, and leads Derek and Tod, blindfolded, to a secret treasure in the hills; but as they are returning with pockets full of precious emeralds, they find themselves trapped.

CHAPTER 7

The Last Match

It seemed a hopeless fix. Here they were, penned in the cave, with enemies waiting for them in the pass outside. They had no weapons with which to fight them, and, what was worse, they were cut off from their mules and their stores.

"Got any notions, Kespi?" Tod asked. "Only one thing can do," came the old Indian's voice; "we go out other way."

"Another way out, is there?" Derek said quickly. "That's good."

"You no think him so good when we get there, maybe," was Kespi's grim response. "But we go."

"Better light up first, hadn't you?" suggested Derek. "This is no place to be messing about in the dark."

There came the scratch of a match and Kespi relit the lantern. He held it up and felt its weight, then turned it down so that the wick gave only a glimmer.

"Oil him low. Way him long," he remarked, in a tone which sent a nasty chill through the boys. "We go quick," Kespi added, and the pace at which he started off proved that he, at any rate, was still fresh.

The floors were level and the walking good, but the way in which the passages wound and twisted through the mountain was amazing. What was even more amazing was that Kespi could find his way. There were no direction marks of any kind, so far as the boys could see, yet the Indian never hesitated.

Two hours passed, Kespi was walking faster than ever.

"The lantern's going out," Derek whispered to Tod.

"I saw that some time ago. Got any matches, Derek?"

"A few, but they won't carry us far. Kespi, how much farther is it?"

"No far now, but bad place come soon. You run?"

"We're good for a spurt, eh, Tod?"

Tod nodded and they all ran. The light was dying moment by moment. They broke into another natural rock chamber. It was long and narrow with a low roof, and the floor was rough with great juts of intensely hard white stalagmite formed by the dripping of water through the limestone roof. Slipping and stumbling among these, they reached the far end, and there the lantern finally went out. The only light was a dull red glow from the smouldering wick. There was not a drop of oil left.

"You give me match," Kespi ordered, and Derek handed over his box.

Kespi counted the contents. Just fourteen matches. He struck one.

"This bad place," he explained, and pointed to a shaft leading down into darkness at a fearful angle. "I go first. You follow careful."

"All right, Kespi," groaned Tod. "I give you my word I'll be careful. I shall break my neck if I'm not."

Though Kespi had only one hand with which to steady himself he went down as surely and safely as a cat. The boys, using both hands, had all they could do to follow. When the first match burned out Kespi stopped and lit another, then went on as quickly as before.

Derek was counting the matches. The idea that the wretched things might run out before they could reach the bottom brought drops of cold perspiration to his forehead.

Nine, ten, eleven—and still they were clambering down this terrible place. Twelve, thirteen—still no sign of the bottom. The thirteenth burned to its end and as Kespi dropped it Tod gave a shout.

"Light, Derek! I can see daylight!"

Next moment they were on level ground, and hastening toward a circle of faint grey light, and within another minute they had stumbled out into a chill fog.

Derek drew a long breath. "That was a tight fit," he said. "And you still have a match left, Kespi."

"Him have no head," said Kespi quietly, and Derek gasped again. It had been

closer even than he had supposed. He looked about, but the fog was too thick to see anything except that they stood on bare rock with a sheer cliff rising behind.

"And where are we now?" he asked of Kespi.

"This Pit of Mist," replied the Indian. Tod chuckled.

"A mighty good name, but it doesn't mean much to me. Anyhow, we're clear of Carbajal and Co., and we've still got our emeralds. Now I vote we strike for home."

Kespi shook his head. "Him long way from home. We other side mountain."

Tod looked at the tremendous cliff which soared like a wall into the fog.

"You mean we can't get back over that?"

"Nothing cross him but condor," Kespi said. "We go round." He pointed southward. "Cross him Alto."

Tod's face fell.

"The Alto!" he repeated in dismay. He knew what that meant. The Alto

Planicie is the vast tableland which is the roof of the New World; a snow-clad desert where blizzards rage and which is nowhere less than one hundred miles across.

CHAPTER 8

The Finger of God

THE fog lay in smothering folds as they tramped along the base of the great cliff. Somewhere up above the Sun was shining, but they could not see a sign of it.

"Wonder where the old lad is heading," Derek said to Tod.

"I don't care where so long as there's breakfast at the finish," Tod answered. "I'm empty as a punctured tyre."

Derek shook his head. "I am afraid we're a long way from grub, old man."

"All the same, I'll trust Kespi," declared Tod. "A man who can find his way right through a mountain can surely do a simple little trick like conjuring up a pot of coffee and some eggs and bacon." He broke off. "What's that?"

A hoarse whistling sound came through the fog, which seemed suddenly to thicken. The ground quivered slightly and there was a roar like that of a cataract. Kespi turned.

"Him hot spring," he explained briefly, and next moment they were on the rim of a great circular basin, the inside of which was white as snow. From a hole in the centre a feathery spout of boiling water was shooting up.

"A geyser," said Derek. "Hot water and cold air. That explains the fog."

Kespi kept straight on and the boys followed. They were very tired and very hungry. Presently they came to a rock, or rather two rocks, the top one balanced on the lower. The upper one was shaped like a great wheel, and looked almost as if it had been cut by the hand of man. It was curiously dark in colour.

"It's a logan stone!" Derek exclaimed.

"A rocking stone. I've seen one at home in Cornwall. Hulloa, what's Kespi doing?"

The Indian had picked up a boulder and, lifting it in both hands, used it as a hammer to strike the logan stone. A sound like a great gong filled the valley and clanged along the cliffs. Three strokes, a pause, then two more.

Kespi dropped his stone and squatted down. "I call," he explained in his quiet way. "Friends come soon."

"Told you so," said Tod. "Another of his Arabian Nights stunts. Now watch for the Genie of the Lamp to appear."

Sure enough after a little while two brown men came noiselessly out of the fog. One was a finely-built fellow with a strong, square face; the other short, powerfully-built but slightly hunchbacked. Both wore ponchos, or cloaks, made of vicuna skin.

The moment they saw Kespi they bowed till their foreheads almost touched the ground. He took their homage as his due and spoke to them in their own language.

"He, Miguel," he told the boys, pointing to the taller. "He, Manacan," indicating the hunchback.

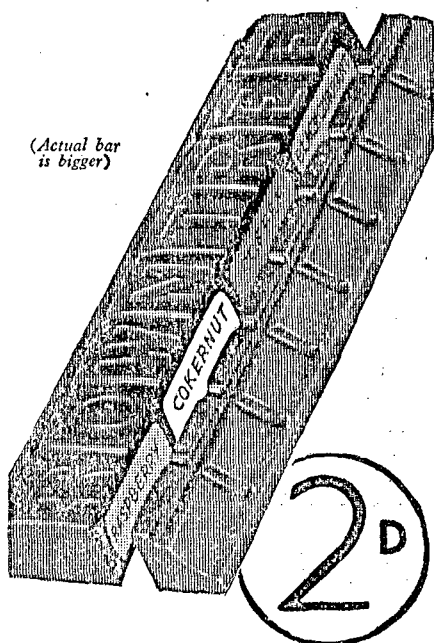
Derek and Tod shook hands with the two men; then they started again, the Indians leading them up a long slope toward the head of the valley. A breeze sprang up, sweeping away the fog, and they saw a small village of huts with clay walls and thatched roofs. Smoke rose from the chimneys and there was a pleasant smell of cooking in the cool, crisp air.

Miguel led them into the largest house and brought them water to wash. His wife, a pleasant-faced woman who wore a necklace of lovely blue turquoise, was cooking, and presently served up very good coffee, with pancakes of maize meal, boiled

Continued on the next page

TRY ONE— YOU'LL LIKE IT

4 FLAVOURS!



ROWNTREE'S 4-CENTRE TABLET

The Turk Packet FREE.

All applicants for my new approval sheets sending 1d. postage will receive 15 Turkish stamps free, Pictorial, War, Jubilee, Surcharged, etc., usually sold at 1/3. Additional free set to customers giving collectors' addresses.

H. WATKINS,

(Dept. C.P.2), 60, Leicester Rd., East Finchley, N.2.



"HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food or Money for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands.

Any gift will be gratefully received by **LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary, Hoxton Market Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, London, N.1.** President—WALTER SCOTTS, Esq.

Abyssinia FREE!!

INC. RARE STAMP CATALOGUED 2/6.

Over 50 all different stamps, including the above from the only black Empire in the world, and the first country in your stamp album. Stamps from Abyssinia are missing from most collections. Many surcharged stamps, including this scarce Abyssinia, a fine portrait of King Negus Menelik. Just send 2d. postage requesting approvals.

Lisburn & Townsend (Dept. C.N.), Liverpool.

Give it to the children and you give them health and pleasure too.



IMPERIAL BEE NEW ZEALAND HONEY

Sole World Agents:

C. & E. MORTON, LTD.

Portsoken House, 155-7, Minorities, London, E.C.3.

A Grand NEW Dictionary for Sixpence a week!

Here's a chance to get a really wonderful new Dictionary—one that will be invaluable to you—for sixpence a week! The **UNIVERSAL ENGLISH DICTIONARY** will give you the complete history of every word in the English language—and what a fascinating history, too! It tells you what part of speech the word is, how to pronounce it, how it is used in everyday conversation, and so on.

For the past eight years Professor H. C. Wyld and many more experts have been engaged on its preparation, and now it is to be issued in fifty-two weekly parts at sixpence a part. So you see that it is well within the range of the most modest purse, binding included.

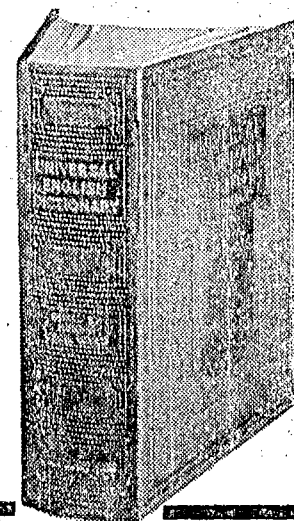
There is more—far more—in the **UNIVERSAL ENGLISH** than there is in the ordinary desk dictionary. And yet it will be completed in one large-page work, unlike the many-volume dictionaries of the libraries. You will find it of the greatest help to you in your lessons.

THE UNIVERSAL ENGLISH DICTIONARY

Edited by **H. C. WYLD**

Buy **PARTS 1, 2 & 3 TODAY**

6D.
each.



NUTTALL'S MINTOIES 4D PER DOZ

Made in **DONCASTER**

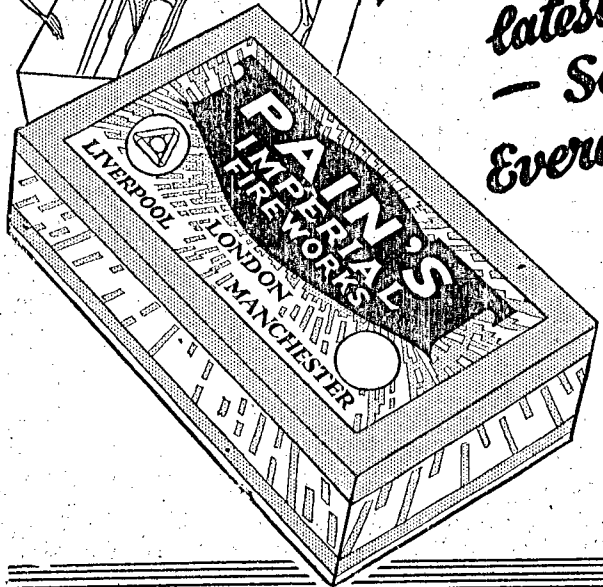
PAIN'S FIREWORK SONG

Pain's Fireworks walk in
two by two
Into the box so bright of
hue;
Little Terror and Racketeer,
Aerial Bomb and Mine are
here;
Cannon Crasher, Electric
Gun,
Scramble in to help the fun;
Roman Candle says to the
Squib:
"Tickle the Rocket in the
rib!"
Bang full of favourites old
and new,
**BE SURE AND TAKE ONE
HOME WITH YOU.**

For FUN
on the
FIFTH
don't forget
PAIN'S



*all the
latest thrills
— Sold
Everywhere*



Continued from page 13

eggs, and a roasted poujil, a bird rather like a guinea-fowl.

There was not much left by the time the boys had finished.

Then Kespi took them outside and, picking up a stick, began drawing in the dust. He showed the gorge from which they had started, the mountain through which they had passed, and the valley in which they now were.

"Now we go south," he said, drawing a long line in that direction, "then come over this way," as the line turned east.

"But see here, Kespi," Tod objected. "Why do you want to go so far? There's a pass leading back to Cuzco, isn't there?"

"No go Cuzco," said Kespi flatly. "Bad men have spies in Cuzco."

"I see," said Derek; "and if we go the long way we dodge them."

"That what I hope," Kespi answered. "Now you go sleep. Tomorrow big walk."

The two were fresh as paint when Kespi roused them out at dawn next morning. They were hardly surprised to find that two burros, or donkeys, were ready, each carrying a pack with blankets and provisions. The old chief had even managed to get hold of a gun and cartridges and a queer, old-fashioned spyglass. After a good breakfast they started away along a narrow track which led up the side of an immense bare mountain. It was often not more than a yard wide, with a hair-raising drop to the right.

"Gee, but I feel like a fly on a window-pane," Tod muttered.

Toward midday they came to a broad ledge or step where greasewood and garetta grew. Garetta is a stumpy shrub like a big wooden mushroom, and Manacan, who had come with them to look after the burros, collected some and built a fire which was very welcome, for it was cold at this height. He made a pot of coffee, and after a meal they pushed on again.

Four hours more of climbing and they came over the rim of a tableland from the edge of which sprouted the most extraordinary crag they had ever seen. It rose like a huge monument, only, instead of rising straight up in the air it curved over to the north.

"It's exactly like a big finger," declared Tod, staring at it.

Kespi nodded. "You got right name. Him called Finger of God."

He spoke to Manacan, who nodded and at once began to climb the pinnacle.

"What's he doing that for?" asked Tod. "Him look see," Kespi answered, and began to unload the donkeys.

"We stop here tonight," he told them.

There was shelter under the base of the great crag and plenty of garetta growing close by. They soon had a fire burning, and Derek filled the kettle from a pool. For the moment he was so busy he had forgotten all about Manacan, and he started sharply when he heard a thin, high-pitched cry ringing down from above.

Looking up, there was the hunchback dwarfed to the size of a doll, standing far up close to the top of the Finger and beckoning.

"He see something. I go," said Kespi.

"Let me go," Derek begged.

"Let's all go," put in Tod; and as Kespi made no objection they all three started to climb.

The Finger was steep, but as its upper surface was full of cracks and crevices the climb was not hard, and they reached Manacan's lofty perch without great difficulty. Up here the wind was strong and bitterly cold, and Derek had to balance himself against it as he crawled to the edge and looked over.

The sight nearly took his breath away, for beneath yawned a mile of empty space. All the long zig-zag of the path they had climbed lay clear. He could even see the Pit of Mist and Miguel's village. To the west at least a hundred miles of rolling foothills were visible, dropping down toward the great coastal desert, while on the other side the vast snow-clad peaks of the Andes towered against the sunset.

But it was not to these that Manacan pointed. Following the direction indicated by the hunchback's outstretched arm, he saw far away to the north a dark dot outlined against the evening sky.

"An aeroplane," he said sharply.

Both boys turned to Kespi, who was watching the plane through his old spy-glass. Presently he lowered it.

"That what I feared," he said; and neither of them had ever heard him speak so gravely. "I think him Carbajal."

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO CARRIES THE NUTS

A DOLPHUS was very peeved when he hurt his foot one Saturday morning and had to stay indoors all day. He felt more impatient still when an invitation came from Farmer Tutt for him to help himself to as many cobnuts as he liked from his orchard.

"Just my luck!" he grumbled.

"They may be gone by Monday, and

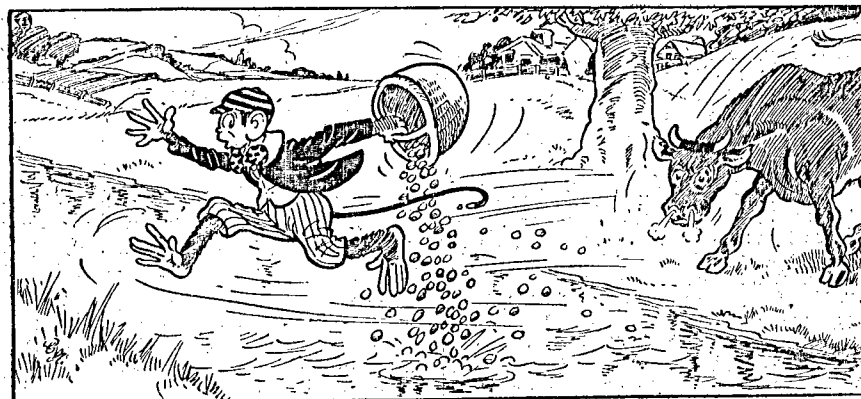
bered with dismay that his bus fare was gone, so it meant walking home.

The basket grew heavier and heavier as he trudged along the road.

Suddenly he caught sight of a stile.

"Coo!" he exclaimed. "I can take a short cut through this field."

He was more than half-way across before he noticed what looked like a fallen



Jacko took a flying leap

it's no use sending Jacko; he'd eat the lot before he got home."

Jacko was most indignant.

"Pooh!" he exclaimed. "Just you try me and see!"

Adolphus pulled twopence out of his pocket and handed it over.

"Here's your bus fare, then, both ways," he answered, "and mind you get back quick."

Away ran Jacko till he reached a sweetshop. "No need for all that hurry," he muttered, and in a twinkling his twopence had vanished.

But gathering the nuts took longer than he expected, and Jacko was tired by the time his basket was full. It was getting dusk, too, and he remem-

tree trunk. But when he got near the thing began to move, and he saw, to his horror, that it was Farmer Tutt's bull.

Slowly the animal rose to its feet and stared at the intruder with angry eyes.

Jacko was in a fix. He dare not run back and he could not go forward. But the bull looked threatening, so no time was to be lost. And then, to his relief, he saw a stream which divided two fields.

"If I can jump that I shall be safe," he murmured, measuring the distance with his eye. The next moment he took a flying leap and landed safely.

But the nuts took a leap, too; for as he jumped the basket shot over, and every one of them fell into the water.

Read what these children say!



C. S. Stappard,
Rowlands Gill, Durham.

"I should like to say what a help 'The Children's Encyclopedia' is to me in my schoolwork, and what a delight in leisure hours."



Ruth Chew,
Beckenham, Kent.

"There seems to be an article on almost every subject, written in such simple language that anyone can read it. It makes even Geography interesting."



Frank S. Glassow,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"I can faithfully say that 'The Children's Encyclopedia' has helped me immensely in winning my scholarships before my actual time, to Rutherford College, and the Royal Grammar School, Newcastle."



Donald Macphie, Glasgow.

"'The Children's Encyclopedia' is my proudest possession. The books are a delight to the eye as well as to the mind, and the beautiful illustrations are interesting and instructive."



Archibald Turner, Glasgow.

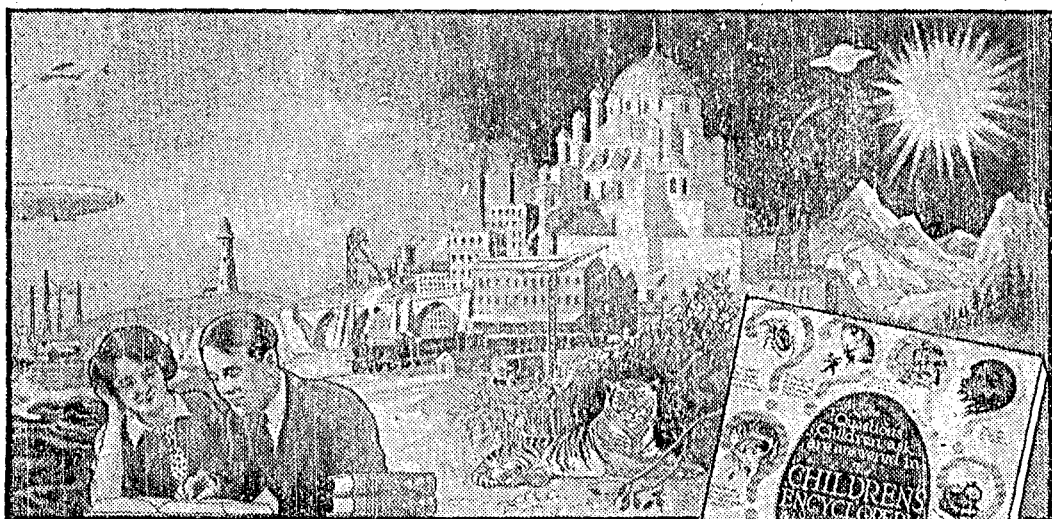
"I am charmed with the magnificent volumes of 'The Children's Encyclopedia.' They are a never-failing source of information and have been very helpful to me in my school work, especially section two which deals with History, Geography and industries of the countries."

From a delighted Parent

W. E. Matthews, Derby.

"I wish to say that the books have been a great help to my boy in his studies, and this year at the age of ten he has won a scholarship for the Derby School, which is the highest he could get from an elementary school in Derby. If you wish, you are at liberty to use this letter as a testimonial."

**A Beautiful Booklet in Colour
is yours for the asking—FREE**



FREE →

This 32-page Booklet

YOU and your children will be delighted with this free booklet, and it will show you how their eager curiosity may day by day be turned into a real grasp of the important facts and great truths of the world of knowledge, which are described and pictured so simply and clearly in *The Children's Encyclopedia* that even a child can understand them, and made so interesting that children love to read about them.

WHAT finer gift can life offer you than the gratitude of your children, and what more satisfying experience can you enjoy than the knowledge that their gratitude is your reward for having set them on the road to a happy, purposeful and successful life? It is the aim of

THE CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

ARTHUR MEE'S

Wonderful Gift to the World's Childhood

to guide boys and girls towards the path of happiness, wisdom and success by awakening their minds to a sense of real interest in life—an interest in those things that give lasting joy and provide them with a wise and noble outlook.

Hundreds of thousands of children all over the world are today grateful to those wise parents who gave them "The Children's Encyclopedia"—ten volumes through which they caught their first glimpse of the world, ten volumes that first stirred their curiosity, awakened their desire for knowledge and created a willingness to learn.

WE invite every reader of "The Children's Newspaper" to have this Free Book, containing a beautiful plate of *The World's Most Beautiful Birds*, in Nature's colours, another colour plate of *25 Precious Stones*, other plates (also in colour) of light being split up into the hues of the rainbow, of the wearing and crumbling of the Earth, and of a great locomotive with its shining headlight; rich photogravure plates of *Joan of Arc*, of the leaning tower of Pisa, and the Cathedral of St Mark's, of wonderful tropical scenery and of delightful animal studies; together with a clever cover in colour and forty other illustrations in black and white.

"The Children's Encyclopedia" is a reading book of which the children never tire, a play book, and a book for the cultivation of high ideals and of good taste in literature and the arts. It is a book of striking pictures that will live in the memory—16,000 illustrations, 200 art plates in full colour, 300 pages in rich tinted photogravure. Clearly and vividly they explain the great facts of knowledge. Here is a visual education in its most attractive form.

Post the coupon and the free book, which is a fascinating introduction to "The Children's Encyclopedia" and a revealing guide to its Nineteen Great Divisions, will be sent to you at once.

**POST THE
COUPON
TODAY**

"THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER"

COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

The Educational Book Co., Ltd.,
Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4.

Dear Sirs, Please forward me, FREE and POST FREE, a copy of your 32-page Booklet in colour describing "The Children's Encyclopedia," and showing how I can have the ten volumes sent carriage paid to my home on acceptance of order and a first subscription of 5/- only.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 31, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

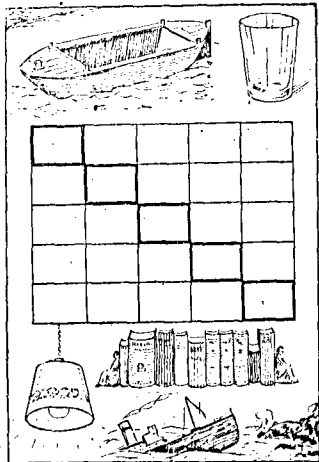
THE BRAN TUB

Cheaper Chocolates

A CHOCOLATE manufacturer selling ten thousand half-pound boxes of sweets a week at a shilling decides to reduce his price to elevenpence.

If the boxes cost him sevenpence each how many more pounds must he sell each week to make the same amount of profit? *Answer next week*

Diagonal Acrostic



FIND the names of the objects shown here and write them in the squares in such order that the diagonal word indicated by heavy lines will be something you are looking at now. *Answer next week*

Wood Fires

BEECH-WOOD fires are bright and clear
If the logs are kept a year.
Oaken logs burn steadily
If the wood is old and dry.
Chestnut's only good, they say,
If for long it's laid away.
But ash new or ash old
Is fit for a queen with a crown of gold.

Birch and fir-logs burn too fast,
Blaze up bright but do not last.
Make a fire of elder-tree,
Death within your house you'll see.
It is by the Irish said
Hawthorn bakes the sweetest bread.
But ash green or ash brown
Is fit for a queen with a golden crown.

Elm-wood burns like churchyard mould,
E'en the very flames are cold.
Poplar gives a bitter smoke,
Fills your eye and makes you choke.

Apple-wood will scent your room
With an incense-like perfume.
But ash wet or ash dry
For a queen to warm her slippers by.

Lady Congreve

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

OLD Monsieur Maintenant lived in a narrow street in the small town of Villefranche in the South of France.

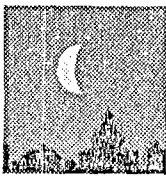
He was called M. Maintenant because, when he went out into the streets to play his pipe and beat with his foot on a little drum at his feet, he would always start off by saying "Maintenant!"

One day he wandered from the town in which he lived, up the white road that leads into Nice. On each side of him oranges hung like presents on a Christmas tree, and lemons like little yellow bags. He had not played in the streets of Nice before, and he chose one hidden away, where many children played.

"Maintenant!" called M. Maintenant loudly as he started off with a gay tune.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Jupiter is in the South. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West, Uranus is in the South-East, and Jupiter is in the East about midnight. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on November 4.



What Am I?

CUT off my tail and I remain intact. Cut off my head and I am greater than I was before. A word of one syllable describes me, and you can make me with three strokes of the pen. *Answer next week*

Substitute For a Telescope

A GOOD enlargement of the Moon can be seen with a mirror and a reading-glass.

Hold the mirror in the hand or set it up at a suitable angle so that a reflection of the Moon's face is to be seen in it. Then look through the magnifying-glass, raising it or lowering it until the right degree of sharpness is secured. Splendid views of the mountains and the plain are obtained in this way.

What Country is This?

IN the harbour but not in the port,
In the shuffle but not in the sort,
In the false but not in the true,
In the green but not in blue,
In the billow but not in the wave,
In the burrow but not in the cave,
In the monarch but not in the crown,
Complete, a small land of great renown.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



La forge La girafe La forêt
On ferre le cheval dans la forge.
Le cou de la girafe est très long.
Ils se sont égarés dans la forêt.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Garage Customers. 66
A Square of Squares
30 squares—16 small, 9 of 4,
4 of 9, 1 of 16.

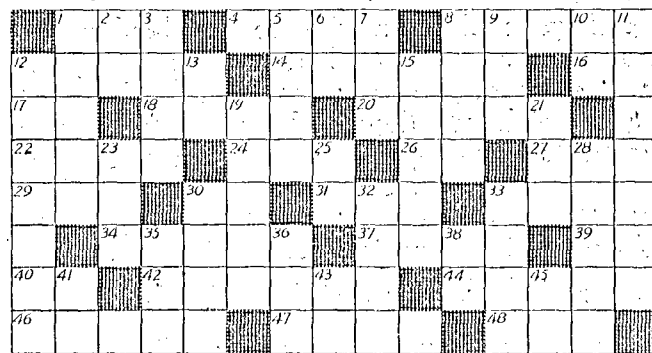
Catch Question. The other was.

Try This
SPITE SHOES PENAL
PENAL PENAL PANSY
PANSY SPITE SPITE
ACORN ACORN SHOES
SHOES PANSY ACORN

A Word-Making Puzzle
Rack, ear, old, rain, one, angle,
art, end, ill, ape, out, ramp.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 53 words of recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Assist. 4. Second letter of the Greek alphabet. 8. A measurer. 12. Cash. 14. A kind of steps. 16. In the direction of. 17. Abraham's home. 18. Serpent-like fishes. 20. Thoughts of a person in sleep. 22. To stop. 24. Poetical term for over. 26. Pronoun. 27. Biblical floating house. 29. End of a lace. 30. Accomplish. 31. Everyone. 33. A plant. 34. Entire. 37. As well. 39. Famous railway*. 40. Royal Engineers*. 42. Eastern rulers. 44. Dusky. 46. An idler. 47. Comfort. 48. Another railway*.

Reading Down. 1. The great artery. 2. Enclosed. 3. To consider. 5. Otherwise. 6. Territorial Army*. 7. To put together. 8. To come in contact with. 9. Period of time. 10. French for and. 11. Mound of earth and rock where plants grow. 12. A condiment. 13. Old form of you. 15. To pierce. 19. Untied. 21. To impair. 23. Roundish body covered with a shell. 25. High artist's honour*. 28. Sleeps. 30. Large cupola. 32. A girl. 33. An implement. 35. Hurried. 36. To perceive. 38. Steamship*. 41. Symbol for the last king*. 43. Same as 25. 45. Order of Merit*.

Dr MERRYMAN

Half

HE had just come down from the University and felt that the world was at his feet.

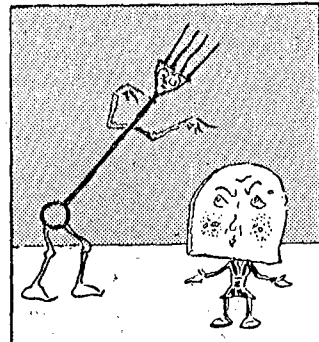
"I've half a notion to work in your office, Dad," he said one day. "Good!" replied Father. "Then I'll put you on half-pay."

Art Experts

MRS NEWRICH had just returned from her travels.

"And did you visit the art galleries in Rome?" she was asked. "There was no need for us to do so," she replied. "You see, our daughter paints."

A Toast Tragedy



"My end will be," cried Slice o' Bread,
"A rather painful one, alack!
For when you've burned me to a crisp
The Cook will put me on the rack!"

Not a Modern Mummy

LITTLE Joan was paying her first visit to the British Museum. In the Egyptian Room she pointed to a figure and asked what it was.

"That is someone's mummy," she was told.

"Oh," she murmured, "I'm glad my mummy's not like that."

Economy

TRAVELLER: How much do you charge for carrying baggage?
Porter: Sixpence for the first, and threepence each for all others.
Traveller: Good; I'll carry the first and you take this.

A Brainwave

ONE springtime, following two or three dry summers, a farmer was seen to be planting onions and potatoes in alternate rows.

"Why are you doing that?" asked his neighbour.

"I'm not being caught by the drought this year," he replied, "for the onions can make the potatoes' eyes water and so irrigate the land."

OLD MR MAINTENANT

"Call her down. Let her sing while I play."

And they all began to call "Marie! Marie! Come down."

The door of the house opened, and out came running the little bright-faced girl. Her skirt was scarlet and her bodice a brilliant blue.

"What tune do you know, Marie?" asked the player. And when she told him off they started.

Presently people were coming from all directions. Marie sang, and sang. She only had to start for Maintenant to pick up her tune, and so they continued till at last Marie, laughing, said she had sung long enough. She kissed her hands to the crowd and began to collect the pennies that were tumbling around her.

"Spread out your hand-

kerchief, Music man!" she said. And when he did so it was full of coins.

"Halves," he cried to Marie, who could not believe her ears.

"Will you come to Villefranche," asked the old man, "and sing there? We shall then grow rich, you and I. I will speak to your mother."

And Marie, laughing again, said Yes.

People call them Père Maintenant and Marie Maintenant; and as Père Maintenant has no children of his own he loves the days when Marie's parents allow him to steal her for a few hours. Marie enjoys making the crowds smile and clap their hands, and most certainly the crowds enjoy her coming.



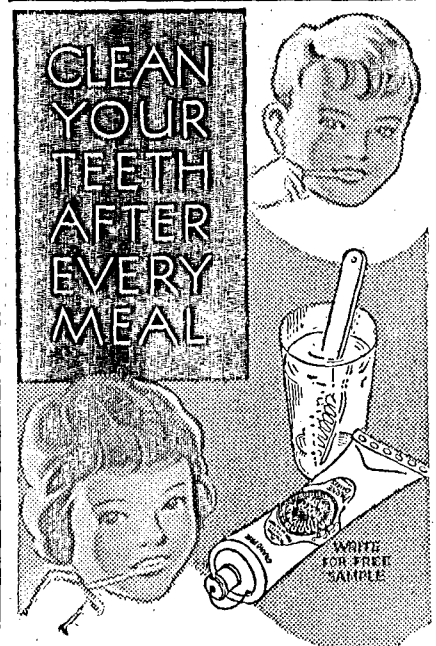
BRIGHTEST BABY

"Friends tell me Ann is the brightest baby they ever saw," says her mother. "She has never given me a moment's trouble. I have given her 'California Syrup of Figs' since she was a few months old. It has been a great factor in keeping her in such splendid condition."

Children accept "California Syrup of Figs" eagerly. It acts pleasantly but thoroughly. Doctors endorse it for regular weekly use as a cleanser of the system; recommend its gentle persuasion for opening purposes during colds or children's ailments, or whenever bad breath, coated tongue, feverishness, no appetite nor energy, warn of irregularity. 1/3 and 2/6 of all chemists. Emphasize the word "California" and no mistake will be made.

"CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"

IDEAL LAXATIVE FOR CHILDREN



By cleaning your teeth after every meal you guard them against decay, which brings toothache and pain.

If you wish to keep your teeth white and sparkling all your life, clean them after every meal with

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Fill in and post the coupon below and a free sample tube will be sent to you.

COUPON—To Euthymol Dept. 8r O.O. 2, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1.

Free of all charge please send a week's sample tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste.

Name.....

Address.....

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE.